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To Prof H Morse Stephens

Will you kindly accept this book from

Mr Longyear and myself

given you at the request of the Zeta Psi fraternity

May 27th 1901

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THE UNFOLDING LIFE

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THE UNFOLDING LIFE

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARIES, NOTE-BOOKS AND LETTERS OF HOWARD MUNRO LONGYEAR, AND FROM THE LETTERS HE RECEIVED FROM HIS PARENTS AND FRIENDS. ARRANGED AND EDITED BY HENRY D. NUNN

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

PRIVATELY PRINTED AT THE MERRY-MOUNT PRESS, BOSTON, A. D. MDCCCCI

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HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

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CHARACTER IS THE STAMP ON OUR SOULS OF THE FREE CHOICE THAT WE HAVE MADE THROUGH LIFE OF GOOD AND EVIL.—GEIKIE.

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION xiii

CHAPTER I

HOWARD'S INFANCY AND EARLY LIFE AT HOME UNDER THE INSTRUCTION OF HIS MOTHER 1

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL DAYS IN CLEVELAND, COVERING A PERIOD OF NEARLY THREE YEARS 11

CHAPTER III

EXPERIENCES ABROAD, ESPECIALLY IN FRANCE AND GERMANY 47

CHAPTER IV

LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL—A RECORD OF TWO YEARS OF EARNEST THOUGHT AND HARD STUDY 69

CHAPTER V

INKLINGS OF HOWARD'S LIFE IN THE WOODS AS DISCLOSED IN HIS NOTES OF WALKING AND CANOEING TRIPS 111

CHAPTER VI

HOWARD AS A COLLEGE MAN. THE HISTORY OF A VERY BUSY YEAR AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY 153

CHAPTER VII

SENTIMENTS OF SYMPATHY AND REGARD FROM FRIENDS, TEACHERS AND CLASSMATES 183

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INTRODUCTION

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INTRODUCTION

THE purpose of this book is not to glorify a person or keep a name from perishing, but to preserve the lineaments of a character moulded by Truth and softened by Love. This work has been undertaken in the hope that all who read it may see beyond the mortal and transient, and come in touch with the influences which encamped round about this boy, that the spirit of noble endeavor may be quickened in their hearts.

No one can add to the sum of goodness, for that is the infinite fulness of God as Good. Whether he who makes his life report the unseen Truth be a carpenter's son, a ploughman or a poet, is of no consequence — it is the life shining as a light in the dark hours of human experience that is important, and it is the light of Howard Longyear's life which these pages are intended to reflect: and the life is transcribed only that the light may be diffused.

The aim kept in view in the preparation of this history was to let Howard's journal and letters tell of his life as far as possible, supplying the supplementary details chiefly from the letters of his father and mother.

There being no desire to depict Howard's life in other than its true colors, letters and extracts from his journal are quoted which show how extremely hard it was for him to heed the promptings of conscience and the pleadings of his parents. He was not unusually willing to be good, or easy to lead up to the point of fervently desiring to improve. After the winsome innocence of early childhood had been outgrown, the boy began

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to manifest faults which would have discouraged his mother but for her confidence, gained through Christian Science, that divine Wisdom and Love would teach her how to guide her child safely through the maze of boyhood's temptations.

It is true that in some respects Howard early gave evidence of admirable qualities, but the "carnal mind" was constantly at war with his higher nature. Except for the persistent manner in which his true character was solicited to assert itself — through the loving addresses of his mother and father and through the influence of one who, at an important period of his life, was almost like his own mother to him — it is not likely that Howard would have risen much above the general state of spiritual twilight, in which the conscience is almost asleep. That he did shake off the enslaving torpor of the senses and rise up in determined rebellion against their downward tendencies, was due to the saving influence of Truth.

They who read thinkingly, will discover the constant operation of Law in Howard's life. He had all the common adversaries to meet, but in each encounter stood panoplied in Truth, and prevailed. It was not any power of his own — not human will or wisdom — which shielded him, but the comprehension of God's definite plan of salvation, which he had learned from his mother's teachings and by his own study of the Bible and "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," the text-book of Christian Science of which Mary Baker G. Eddy is the author.

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Howard was himself a Christian Scientist. He not merely yielded assent to its doctrines, but actively sought to exemplify them in his life. He had learned from experience the surety of God's love and protection; and depended upon his heavenly Father for health, and for strength to master sin, just as trustingly as he depended upon his earthly father for food and clothes. God was not, to him, "a God afar off" because the boy had so often felt His power in times of sickness and difficulty.

Howard was saved much sin and suffering by keeping his thought always open to his mother. Beginning when a small boy to keep a diary, he took an inventory of his thoughts and deeds each day, and could not avoid a close examination of his own heart. His mother put herself in the way of receiving his confidence by treating him with that loving compassion which never fails to unlock the most secret chambers of the human heart. Thus she knew his every thought, and the temptation to multiply lies to hide secret sins was robbed of its power. His mother says: "Howard let me read his diaries. I have often wondered at that, but now I see that he wanted me to know him as he was. I would say: 'Howard, your desk is untidy; shall I clean things out for you?' 'Yes, I wish you would,' he would reply. 'Well, that means to read over everything,' I always said as a warning. 'I don't care,' would be the answer. So I knew his inmost heart. I never read his notes or papers at any other time."

People are generally prone to underrate the importance of their own lives. Goodness never wears out or loses its

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lustre, and greatness is nothing if it be not goodness; yet we often fail to see that being good is one with being great. If, then, a person be doing well his common task, living each day as righteously as he can, why should he not intelligently value his life? Rightly appreciating our lives, we would be apt to better them. The person who feels that his place in the world is insignificant, is tempted to excuse himself for inferior work and a low standard of conduct. It is not for the purpose of giving emphasis to the thoughts and acts of Howard Longyear that this history of his life is given, but to emphasize the importance of life itself, that some may be thereby encouraged to live to higher ends than most persons try to reach. His particular experiences point the way.

Howard's letters from his mother form a necessary part of his history; for they not only supply the links which complete the chain of his human relations, but record his spiritual growth, and afford glimpses of the inner sanctuary of the boy's thought. In reading these letters we see Howard as his mother saw him. In her careful guidance of her child she lets it be clearly felt that she is merely handing on the commands of God,—her Father as well as his,—and that she holds Howard responsible not to her, but to God.

Obedience to the arbitrary human will of another is difficult, and when required of a mettlesome youth is apt to lead to friction; but in Howard's case the assertion of human will was not necessary, and it never is necessary, where the Divine will is honored. He and his mother simply and sincerely accepted God as their supreme and

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only law-giver, and any advice based on God's law was not questioned by him; although it might not be quite easy to follow. The letters show that the mother regards her son as an equal, indeed, as a brother,—in the highest Christian sense,—and yet they are true motherly letters too. They deal with all sorts of questions that come up in the training of a child, and show how Howard's mother handled them, in accordance with her understanding of the Science of life. She resolutely kept her thought above illusive forebodings and fears, clinging to the inspiring faith that "the secret place of the most High," in spite of contradictory appearances, is nigh.

This faith proved indeed to be "the substance of things hoped for" when the material and visible lost their semblance of reality; and it was this faith, "the evidence of things not seen," which made it possible for her to rise above the crushing, stupefying evidence of things seen. In the darkest hours of waiting, mother, father, sisters and brothers remained steadfast, and sure of God and the permanence of His handiwork: then consolation came filling their hearts with a blessed, holy peace.

If the Christian's conception of life embraced nothing higher or more enduring than the so-called life of the body, he might well lament and say, "There is no God"; but having before him the example of Christ Jesus, who overcame death, and, having experiences of his own, confirming his faith and proving that enduring life is not only accessible to man, but that man already moves and has his true being in God, who alone is Life, he is un-

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dismayed by that "last enemy," even though not advanced far enough in understanding to overcome the foe.

Those to whom Howard Longyear is nearest and dearest, rejoice in the sure knowledge,—which has taken the place of hope,—that "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

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I. HOWARD'S INFANCY AND EARLY LIFE AT HOME UNDER THE INSTRUCTION OF HIS MOTHER

Every one is the son of his own works.—CERVANTES.

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HOWARD MUNRO LONGYEAR
(A LAST PICTURE)

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I. HOWARD'S INFANCY AND EARLY LIFE AT HOME UNDER THE INSTRUCTION OF HIS MOTHER

HOWARD MUNRO LONGYEAR came into the world apparently foredoomed to a very brief stay. He seemed too frail to gain a foothold among mortals; but God-given mother-love was ready to welcome the child, tempering the atmosphere of earth to such genial warmth that he lived; yet lived but falteringly at first. Wanting this nurturing love, even a King's son is an outcast: having such love, any child is well born. Mother-love is not personal, but it is God's great gift to infancy, shared by all races, nations and castes. Advantages of rank or wealth to a child are as nothing compared with God's care over him, expressed through motherhood.

Howard's frailty touched the tenderest cords of affection in the depths of the mother-heart, and so God richly blessed His two children. The influence of this sanctified relationship was never outgrown, and when the boy had come to be almost a man, the love he bore his mother was the tender love of a little child, mingled with manly reverence. Enfolded thus together in the embrace of divine Love, mother and son were blended in thought and affection, and for the first few years of his childhood, Howard was not happy when his mother was out of his sight. He lacked none of the endearing graces of babyhood, and all the family loved him with lavish devotion. All the love he received was welcomed and he gave back measure for measure, but the mother-love was his refuge and retreat.

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Very early the child's eager questionings by natural steps led his mother to begin teaching him, with his sister, the rudiments of knowledge, and delightful hours were spent together over picture books and primers. The mother was playmate, teacher and spiritual guide. When Howard was three and his sister four years old, their mother had a kindergarten in the nursery, eight little friends in the neighborhood joining the class, and all having their studies and games together. Howard's mother was the teacher, and the little folks called her "Miss Mollie," pretending that "mamma" was an entirely different individual. The second year the school was held in the billiard room and was taught by a trained kindergartner who was engaged to come from New York. When Howard's two younger sisters were big enough, the four children were taught together, under their mother's care. Later on the experiment was made of sending Howard to the public schools in Marquette, but he was so excessively shy that it distressed him greatly to be among so many children, and it was thought best to resume lessons under his mother's tutorship. The Scriptures had an important place in the home study. Howard had learned to repeat passages from the Bible before he knew how to spell out the words; and the beautiful narratives about Joseph and David and Daniel, and the history of all that Jesus did, were familiar to him when he was very young.

When Howard was seven years old, his mother, yearning to know more of God, turned to Christian Science and found the light she prayed for in reading the text-book "Science and Health with Key to

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the Scriptures," written by Mary Baker G. Eddy. Soon afterwards it became the custom with the family, every morning after breakfast, to seek "God's room," as the children called it, and listen to the reading of selections from the Bible and "Science and Health." Although the children were never asked to come, or rebuked if they did not appear, they seldom lingered at the breakfast table. The correlated teachings of the Scriptures and "Science and Health" thus became the groundwork of Howard's education. Among the books he delighted to hear his mother read before he was able to master them himself, were Bryant's translations of the Iliad and Odyssey, which were very great favorites, and he often chose books for his entertainment that young children do not usually care about. His mother's aim in her teaching was to impart to Howard and his sister a sense of responsibility for their own progress in learning; and it was a rather solemn matter to prove deficient in lessons, for the delinquents were made to repeat some verse or proverb to fit the case, in which they were brought face to face with the ideal of right conduct from which they had departed. Thus when they were careless and did poor work in writing, they were called upon to recite these lines from one of George Eliot's poems:

"*Who draws a line and satisfies his soul,*
Making it crooked where it should be straight?
An idiot with an oyster-shell may draw
His lines along the sand, all wavering,
Fixing no point or pathway to a point;
An idiot one remove may choose his line,
Straggle and be content; but God be praised,

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Antonio Stradivari has an eye
That winces at false work and loves the true."

Along with the religious teaching, and with the lessons in reading, writing, grammar and arithmetic, the children were constantly drilled in manners and aided in the formation of habits of personal neatness and promptness. Howard had the difficulty boys have always experienced in acquiring these habits, judging from the following portion of a letter he received from his mother when he was separated from her for a short time:

Phœnicia, N. Y., July 20, 1891.

MY DEAR HOWARD: We are in the Catskills where Rip Van Winkle took his long sleep. My! what if it would have the same effect on us. I would n't like to spare any years of my life just now, when my darling needs me so much.

I hope you are trying to depend wholly upon yourself and keep your own teeth clean, and your hair brushed. You have now, deary, a good chance to show what a boy can do. I hope you will be kind to Auntie and not make her any trouble. Lovingly,
MAMMA.

When he was nine years old his mother carefully instructed him regarding sex and related matters, in order that the impure perversions of the subject by older boys might not becloud his thought. The first talk a child hears concerning sex is often of such a nature that he is ashamed to speak of it to his mother, and this shame locks the defiling secret in his heart until it makes a home there for itself and a dark brood of its kind. Howard's mother took

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the flowers, symbols of purity and all loveliness, as types, by use of which to clear away all mystery, and raise the subject of sex to the level she wished it to hold in his thought. She impressed upon him that the boy who was pure in heart need not be afraid to talk to his mother on any subject, and that such a boy would not listen to talk that was unfit for his mother's ears. She also told him how priceless is the freedom and joy of guiltlessness.

The close comradeship of Howard and his mother was good for him in a great many ways, but he grew to be too dependent. To induce him to take part in outdoor play and teach him to be more self-reliant, ponies were bought for Howard and his oldest sister, and the children were taught to ride, a diversion they both enjoyed very much. Accompanied by a groom, they often took long rides in the neighboring country. A turning pole was set up in the playground, with a thick mattress under it, and Howard and his sister were left to gain the mastery of their own muscles; the mother, with bated breath, watching their fearless performances, and trying not to be anxious. The two children liked gymnastics so well that they grew to be almost as agile as squirrels, climbing the loftiest trees with little difficulty or fear. When Howard went away to school he easily took front rank in athletics and his teacher in Cleveland said that he had "never known so fearless a boy"; but he was never fond of games which required him to strive against others. What he gloried in was freedom of action.

When old enough Howard was allowed to roam the woods, but always in company with the hardy

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son of a shipmaster, who was hired to be his companion and to teach him to swim. Very soon Howard became a devoted lover of the forest. He seemed to understand the trees, and birds, and brooks, better than he did people, and they taught him many a secret. It was his friendship for the trees, thus early begun, which later determined his choice of profession.

By children of his own age, Howard was not easily understood. He was extremely sensitive and secretly suffered much on that account. He felt that he was different from others and imagined that his playmates held aloof from him. He lived in the company of thoughts which other children generally did not share, and the freedom gained through loving, he had yet to learn. We can never really know any one unless we know his thoughts, and so often the best and purest thoughts of those, even, who are nearest us, seem turned wrong side out in the crude encounter of ordinary intercourse, and we get no deeper acquaintance with our friend, or enemy, or brother, than our own fondness or prejudice permits. Although Howard grew to be fond of riding his pony and of the woods and fields, he did not care much for childish frolics and seemed to find rare pleasure in learning ciphers and picture languages, even constructing them himself. This fondness for ciphers and languages he retained in later years. One of his very first letters to his mother was a mixture of English and hieroglyphics. At the end of his letter he has drawn what looks like the scaffolding about a half-finished smoke-stack, regarding which he says: "Guess what this is in my new language?"

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MOUNT HURON FROM IVES' MOUNTAIN
(ONE OF HOWARD'S FAVORITE VIEWS)

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Then he writes a postscript in dots and dashes. In a letter to his younger sisters, written while he was at school, when he was about eleven years old, he says: "I will write: 'I see the cat,' in all the different languages I know: twenty-three different languages." Then followed the sentence in twenty-three different cryptographic forms. All through his letters and diaries there are examples of systems of shorthand writing, hieroglyphics, cuneiform characters, etc.

Even before he was ten years old, Howard had travelled somewhat extensively for a boy. The knowledge thus gained gave him a right sense of the relation and scope of things. We find by notes he obtained from his father for the purpose of completing his own chronological record, that he was in Philadelphia in December, 1887, where he had excellent opportunities for storing his mind with impressions of early American History. In March, 1888, he sailed for Cuba, where he found the Spanish-American civilization of the sixteenth century preserved almost intact, and on the way back he stopped in Florida. Then he made his way leisurely northward, seeing everything historical in Norfolk, Richmond, Jamestown and Williamsburg. After a stay at Old Point Comfort he went to New York by steamer, and there, too, saw much that was of interest to him. In the spring of 1889 he visited the Republic of Mexico, stopping *en route* to see Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, Nashville, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston and San Antonio. In July, 1890, he was among the mountains of Idaho and through the Yellowstone Park. The early part of

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1891 was spent in California, where he visited the cities of importance, and places most worth seeing, including the Yosemite Valley. He was also in Colorado among the Rocky Mountains in 1891, the record showing that he visited Leadville, May seventh of that year. All these places he visited when between six and ten years old, and everything he saw had educative value for him. He thus obtained an acquaintance with the main characteristics of his native land, its boundaries, its cities and its people, such as few Americans of mature age possess.

Howard remained at home as his mother's pupil until he was ten years old, when he had to go forth into the world to learn other lessons, and master new conditions.

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II. SCHOOL DAYS IN CLEVELAND, COVERING A PERIOD OF NEARLY THREE YEARS

A man must stand erect, and not be kept erect by others.
MARCUS AURELIUS.

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II. SCHOOL DAYS IN CLEVELAND, COVERING A PERIOD OF NEARLY THREE YEARS

HOWARD entered the University School in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1892, at ten years of age. The change from the familiar surroundings of home and the love and companionship of his own kith and kin, to the strange and unfamiliar precincts of a big school where he was totally unknown, was doleful enough. His parents were loath to part with their boy, but his own welfare demanded the sacrifice and they gave him up to be taught by rough but merciful experience.

Howard faced the new conditions with a faltering heart. Thrust in among a lot of strange boys, he shrank from their curious, taunting looks, and would have given anything to be safe again in his own home. He felt that he had been weighed in the scales of the world and found grievously wanting. The boys teased and worried him almost beyond endurance and the first week or two was a very unhappy time for him. Goaded to desperation by the persistent nagging of his schoolmates, Howard finally turned on one of his tormentors,—who happened to be a boy much larger than himself,—and won such respect for his valor that persecution ceased. After that the boys were ready to admit him into full fellowship. Howard wrote to his mother describing the affair as follows:

DEAR MAMMA: I had a fight yesterday. A big fat boy has tormented me ever since I came here. Yesterday in the dressing room of the gymnasium he stuck a pin into me. I could n't stand it any longer

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and jumped on him and knocked him over and pounded his head on the floor. He had to get excused and go home. The next day another boy pitched into me and I pitched back. I got my face all scratched up. The boys haven't any of them teased me since. Your con-fectionate son HOWARD.

It was not long before he wrote again saying that he was having a "fine time."

One of Howard's aunts was a resident of Cleveland, so that he had some of his own kindred to go to, and a place where he was welcome. A friend of his mother also lived in the city, and, being a Christian Scientist, she was asked to watch over Howard and protect him. She took the boy into her affections and whenever he needed help, and asked for it, either in sickness or in any difficulty arising in school, this friend always gave it. During Howard's two years' attendance at the University School, he and his mother's friend became very close companions on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and her letters telling of her experiences with him from time to time, form a very good history of his life during that period. In a reminiscent letter this lady wrote to Howard's mother in the autumn of 1900, she says of him: "He so often let me see into his inner character and I learned to love and trust him, and know him as he was. He did not make many friends among the boys, for he saw so far beyond them they could not understand him. Many and many a happy hour we spent together; I telling him of the things of God, as I understood them, and he like his way-shower, Jesus, surprising me by the depth and breadth of his thoughts,—hidden from the world

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MR. LONGYEAR'S CABIN AT HURON MOUNTAIN CLUB

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because the world did not understand him and hence called him odd. I used to tell him not to mind what was said, for *One knew him* who did not judge him wrongly, and that keeping his thoughts pure and right in the sight of the One all-knowing God, would do more for him than all the world could do. I often told him when he would come to me, starving (as it almost seemed) to be understood, that some day he would be known even just as he was. I knew him from the first and I feel that God brought us together for a purpose. To many when he met them he seemed indifferent, but when he came to me, and could be with me alone, he appeared a prophet. Where was there ever one besides him, who would leave all the young people as he did at the club house on Lake Superior, and go off for all day in the woods alone? Yet he never felt alone, as he told me, and when he would come back, and could get a chance to see me, oh, how he would talk—not like a boy, as he was called—but like a man."

HOWARD'S mother and father were like older sister and brother to him, and while ever respectful toward his parents, the boy was as free as a younger brother to speak his mind to them on any subject. During the school years in Cleveland the correspondence was tolerably one-sided, as is usually the case where a boy is one of the parties to it. At times he would seem to lapse into complete indifference and would ignore for weeks the frequent appeals of both father and mother to write to them. It was a very critical stage in his development; for evil sought by various allurements to lead him into

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the mire. He was often enticed aside from the right way; but what he knew of the saving Truth, and the watchful thought of his parents and Mrs. C., prevented him from straying far. Sometimes it seemed to his mother as though Howard were slipping away from her love and influence, but her letters show how she resisted this discouraging thought and renewed her faith in God and in her boy, by clinging more closely to the spiritual logic that God is omnipotent Love and therefore all is well. The mother's letters were always tender and loving, though severe when severity was required, and were constant reminders of the brooding love of the Father-Mother God, and of the child's duty to look to God for help. About the first letter he received after leaving home says:

My own dear Boy: Do read your Bible, Howard dear: it is the only guide that will lead you right. You are not alone in Cleveland: close beside you and nearer than mother, is the Holy Spirit, who will teach you *all* things. God is with you, dear one, and will keep you from all harm. Lovingly, your own Mamma.

Nearly every letter Howard got from his mother at this time contained an earnest appeal to him to study his Bible. The following extracts show how she yearned to keep him in the right way:

April 20, 1892. Read the twelfth chapter of Romans beginning at the ninth verse. You can't get spiritual food unless you read your Bible. Let me give you a form for prayer, a real Christian Science prayer. If you will put this under your pillow and read it over every morning, I am sure you will feel the benefit.

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I wish to know every little thing about your school, your pleasant Saturdays and all. I will keep your letters and you can see, when you get to be a college young man, what nice letters you used to write.

October 2, 1892. If you were the best scholar in the whole school and forgot that God is your life, strength and health, it would amount to nothing. I do hope, my dear boy, that you read your Bible and that you listen every morning for the voice of the Spirit.

November 13, 1892. I am very much pleased to see that you try to follow the advice I give you. I am sure you are going to make a man we will be proud to own as our son. It is so very pleasant for me to have Mrs. A., Aunt H., Mrs. C. and your teachers all speak so well of you. I know you will be glad to hear that your papa is coming to Cleveland. I hope you spend some time reading your Bible. Did you get the tablet [*Bible Texts*] I sent you? and is it hung on your wall? and do you read it every morning? It would be a nice attention for you to get Mrs. A. to send Aunt H. some flowers for her Thanksgiving table, from you. You want to do something for her, she is so kind to you. Don't forget it, please. You might take them over yourself.

December 14, 1892. Do, dear one, remember that Aunt H. is the best friend you have in Cleveland. I hope you appreciate her kindness to you. Do be sure and go to see her before you go away; and kiss her, and tell her how thankful you are to her for all her kindness. Ask Mr. A. if you can get away Wednesday. Be sure and be polite and say "Good bye" to all in the house, shaking hands with them, and wish-

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ing them a "Merry Christmas." Also go to see Mrs. C. and say "Good bye" to her, and remember your teachers too. Ask Aunt H. for some money to treat the boys with candy. Tell her mamma wished it.

A postscript to one of his letters from his mother at this time says: "Keep my letters, you will be glad to have them when you get to be a man; they will be a diary for you." This advice he was very careful to heed. He seems to have saved nearly all the letters he received from his parents, and from these we are able to measure his progress and to understand the trend of his thought. Extracts from these letters would make a very complete code of laws for right conduct under almost all circumstances. His mother was particularly careful to have him learn always to be grateful for the attentions of his teachers, friends and playmates, and to have him observe all the niceties of good breeding.

All of the above letters were written during the first half year of his attendance at the school in Cleveland in 1892. The letters from Howard's mother during 1893 are full of home news, motherly advice and inspiring appeals to his higher nature to assert itself. Just after Howard had gone back to school at the close of the Christmas holidays, January seventh, she writes:

My own dear Boy: I have been lonesome all day. . . . I don't like to look into your room, but I try to be brave and think I must n't let my selfish love stand in the way of your making a useful man.

Did you go to see Mrs. C.? Did you get your trunk open? Don't forget, dear son, to be polite to Mrs. A. and kind to H. and thankful to Aunt H.

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and loving to grandma and to read your Bible every day. Your loving MAMMA.

Howard was not made to feel that only his faults were noticed, for full credit was given for every praiseworthy action. In the parts of a letter written by his mother February 3, 1893, here given, he received praise, encouragement, admonition and news, and the hope of reward for a good record is held out to him:

MY OWN DEAR BOY: Your last letter was the best one I have had since your return. I felt as gay as a lark all day just because my boy thought enough of his mother to sit down and write her a nice letter.

We are getting along splendidly. The weather was twenty-six degrees below zero last night and nine degrees below this morning when the children started off for school. How do you like your warm flannels?

We have been thinking and talking about life, lately, and we have made up our minds it is *all* a *choice*. Everything depends on *our* choice. A scholar who won't do work unless he is *made* to do it, isn't learning in the right way. Every day we choose a new brick in the building of our characters. We can have it a *neat*, *honest*, *clean* brick, or a slovenly, imperfect one. If you dress yourself neatly, brush your teeth, tie your shoes straight, brush your back hair, you are choosing to build yourself into a glorious manhood. Oh, dear boy, we do expect *so much* of you. How do you think mamma could ever bear to have you away from home if she didn't feel that you were growing stronger and better?

Do go and see Mrs. C. Saturday or Sunday and

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talk to her freely of all your perplexities and she will give you good advice. If you make a good record next month I will let you stay up until half-past eight o'clock for a month. Your own MAMMA.

Into almost every letter the faithful mother manages to infuse the subtle flavor of home and feed the child's mind on an ennobling diet. September 28, 1893, she writes:

DEAREST HOWARD: Ajax is condemned to go to the club house for the winter. He is getting to be a regular tramp dog and won't mind any one. We found a dear little kitten on the street the other night; it is as friendly as Prosser's cat. Pont walks very stiff legged when he sees it petted. Latin will seem easier to you after a little while. When Mrs. C. comes home she will tell you just how to study it. I can see from the looks of your letter that you are manifesting *love*,—remember, dear boy, that that is what you are living for to-day. God made you to show Him forth. I am so glad you went to the Christian Science church and paid attention to the sermon. You are a little careless about the use of your capitals. "aunt helen" would really wish more deference paid her. I am going to write Mrs. A. to give you some money every week, if you don't spend more than fifteen cents on things to eat. You must buy your own pencils. Do try to save enough to buy a knife. You can pay your car fares out of it, too. I will furnish your paper.

Tell me something about the baby, how he looks and what he says, and also about the other boys, how they look, where they live, and how you like them. I am sure you are trying to be gentlemanly

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and polite, saying, "Good morning" and "Good night" to all. Here goes a whole bushel of ripe kisses and big hugs, from your loving MAMMA.

In a letter dated October 5, 1893, she says:

MY DEAR HOWARD: I was so glad to get your letter and am so happy to think that you are busy every day. You seem to feel bad about your birthday. I am sorry but I sent word to Aunt H. to let you have some money to buy you a present from me, and papa put some money in the bank for you, and the children showed their love, by putting in time and work in making candy; so I think you fared very well, especially when Mrs. A. and Aunt H. did so much to make you happy. Don't get discouraged about your Latin; it is hard to commit to memory what you do not understand, but if you will remember that God is the only Mind and knows all things, He will help you to understand it.

Ajax seems to be very lively now that Pont has gone with Papa. He tries to scare me by jumping, but he doesn't long, if your big sister is around; for she whips him with a little stick and he acts very much ashamed.

My dear boy, you never answered one of my questions in my letter. Now, of course, you *don't have* to do so, but I ask you things I would like to know, and it isn't really polite not to notice them. Have you seen Mrs. C. since her return? Are you trying to do your best in singing? I see that you are trying to please me by telling me all about yourself. I see your love in that. Affectionately, MAMMA.

Negligence was never overlooked: it was rebuked,

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with great kindness but with unmistakable authority, as shown in the two following letters:

October 13, 1893.

MY OWN DEAR HOWARD: I expect you to go to church every Sunday, dearest son, rain or shine. I hope, dear, that you are "choosing" of your own accord, every day to be loving, studious, and just the kind of a boy God meant you to be. Show love to every one and love will put out every disagreeable thing. Your mother's thought is with you continually. Lovingly, MOTHER DEAR.

October 28, 1893.

MY DEAR LITTLE SON: I am going to write you a Sunday letter. You are not here to gather with the other children around my chair and have me talk to you, and I know you used to like to come even if you did wriggle some.

When the one perfect boy, Jesus, was twelve years old he said: "I must be about my Father's business," and began to show to all, the love, and power, and wisdom of God.

Now, Howard, you are not what you appear to be to mortal sense, a careless, untidy, indifferent boy; lazy about studying and not kind to other people who wish you to do right. Let me tell you what you are. You are a perfect spiritual boy made in the image and likeness of God Himself; made to reflect *His* love, by your kindness to others,—*His* intelligence, by your attention to study,—*His* power, by your dominion over all sickness and sin. It is time, my dear one, that you be about your heavenly Father's business. When you find a lesson hard to get,

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go off by yourself and shut your eyes and think of God who made all things and knows all things, and ask that His intelligence be reflected through you. You will be helped.

I am so sorry to hear that your standing was so low: don't, please, let it happen again. You must n't only *think* you have your lessons, but you must know you have them and remember the *reason.*

When reports came from Cleveland informing the parents that Howard was getting to be untruthful, his mother took up the matter vigorously in the following letter written November 4, 1893:

My own dear Boy: I hear that you are allowing Satan (the evil thought) to control you so much that you do not speak the truth at Aunt H.'s, Mrs. A.'s or at school; that no one can trust your word. Now, dear boy, if a snake were to come up to you and go to bite you, you would kill it as soon as you could. Are n't you wise enough to see that it is the devil tempting you to trust in his power? You will knock him in the head flat, if you go to Aunt H., Mrs. A. and your teacher,—knowing that you are God's child, true as He is true, brave as He is brave, —and say or write: "I mean to fight this habit of careless speaking; will you help me? I am not a liar; I hate it as much as anybody. I went for a whole year once without lying, and I can do it again. My mamma would be sorry to hear how weak I have been, for *she trusts* me." You must, darling, just open your eyes to the fact that you must not be regarded as untruthful. I shall treat you against that belief every morning and you must ask God night

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and morning to "write His Truth in your heart." Lovingly, MAMMA.

The following week, November ninth, she writes again on the same subject, as well as on the subject of "Cold":

MY DEAR HOWARD: I am surprised that you should say a *horrible cold attacked* you. You ought to have gone immediately to Mrs. C. and had her treat you. Will you tell me, dear boy, why you don't go to see her? I hope you are not being led away by the thought that there is power in anything but God. She will help you to show out God, the Truth.

As soon as you get this letter tell Mrs. A. that mamma wants her to let you go to Mrs. C.'s, and you go and tell her how you have been telling falsehoods and ask her to treat you. You must turn to God, dear, and never take syrups, or medicine; for there is no power in them. If you are anxious to follow God, you will go and see Mrs. C. every Saturday morning and talk over *everything*. Tell her all your mistakes and get her to help you. Write me that you will as soon as you get this. Dear Boy, your mamma loves you.

Howard, turning critic, calls his mother's attention to an exceptionable phrase, to which she good-humoredly replies in the following letter dated November twenty-first: "No, dear boy, I fear I *have not got* over the habit of using *have got* quite yet. I mean to try. Your big sister catches me on 'try and do so' instead of 'try to do so.' I declare my children are getting too smart! . . . Shut your ears to all evil. See no evil, think no evil, but show forth the love of God every day. Your mamma will be so

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glad to see you home at Christmas, and I hope very proud of you too."

In a letter written about this time but not dated, she says:

My dear Howard: Your Father who created you, and who loves you, is watching you and taking the best of loving care of you. There is nothing to be afraid of. There is nothing to be excited or nervous about. The promise is, to those who do right, "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee," and you will do right, of course. When you lay your head down at night just rest in the thought of the great Love that surrounds you. God is harmony and you reflect that harmony. God is saying "Come unto me and rest" and go to sleep with that in your mind. You are not excited, you are not nervous, you are not timid and why? because God is your Life, your strength, *your Mind.* Nothing *can* harm you when you put your trust in Him. Many loving kisses while I commit you to your Father's loving tender care. Your own Mamma.

Howard having evidently somewhat redeemed his true character from the smirch of untruthfulness and negligence, his mother writes him a letter on December tenth, joyfully awaiting his homecoming. She says:

My own darling Boy: Only one more Sunday before I will clasp you in my loving arms. I can hardly wait for the time to come. I had a letter from Aunt H. to-day and she said something about you that made me very happy. She wrote that you were so loving and kind; so much better than you were last year; and she thought that you loved your

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mother so much that you were trying to please her and follow her instructions. To learn that you are growing in "love" is far more to me than all book "larnin'." I know that God is answering my prayers, that you may reflect Him in love. Be sure to thank Aunt H. for her kindness to you, before you come away, and don't forget to be gentlemanly to Mrs. A. when you say "Good bye." Please remember to see Mrs. C. and give her my best love.

THE following are extracts from his father's letters of 1893. On November fifth, he gives Howard some wise advice on the subject of "Lying":

DEAR HOWARD: I had some business to do with a man this week who has probably ruined himself because he told lies. People found him out and then they would not believe anything he said again. I knew him when he was a boy and he used to tell lies then, but no one thought he would do so after he grew to be a man. He did though,—I suppose it grew to be a habit with him. He is a very smart and able man, but that one thing ruins him as a business man, for men hate a liar more than they do any other kind of man. It makes all this man's friends sad to think of him, for they liked him very much. They do not dare to do business with him, because they cannot depend upon what he says. So they shun him when they would like to help him. I know a splendid lawyer who might be doing a fine business, but he is poor and has very little business to do, because people have found that he lies sometimes.

I know that boys often tell lies because they think

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MOUNTAIN LAKE AND MOUNT HURON
(A FAVORITE HAUNT)

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by so doing they may escape punishment. If they would only stop and think of it afterwards, they would be surprised to find how many lies they have been obliged to tell to help them out of the first one, and that it would have been much better and easier to have told the truth at first and taken the consequences, which would often be much less disagreeable than the trouble the lies led them into. The boy or man who always tells the truth has not only the esteem and confidence of his associates but he has his own self-respect, which is of far more value to him than anything he can possibly gain by any lie. If people would only stop and think once in a while of the trouble some one little lie has led them into, I do not believe there would be any liars left in a year.

I want to call your attention to this because you are away from us and we cannot talk to you as we might if you were here. I do not suspect you of lying intentionally, but, thinking of the man I first spoke of above, made me think how important it is for a boy to get started right. I feel sure that you will be a strong, able, fearless man, if you do not make some wretched mistake in forming your habits of life. If you never do anything to be ashamed of you will not be tempted to lie. If you find you have done wrong, confess it and take the consequences, like a manly boy. You will find that you will like yourself better and that others will like you better, but your own good opinion of yourself is of the most consequence.

The liar when he is alone with his own thoughts must say to himself, "I am a liar and a sneak. I am

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always afraid of some one—that I shall be found out!"—etc. But the boy or man who always tells the truth is never afraid of any one. If you know any boys who lie, compare what you think of them with your own opinion of the boys who tell the truth, and then decide which kind of a boy you prefer to be. Other people look at these boys just as you do. I did not intend to write you a lecture when I started in on this subject, but it is so important that I kept on, for I am very anxious that you get the right start. Truthfulness is one of the most important things you will ever have to decide and you must decide it for yourself.

Here are some quotations I wish you would commit to memory.

Dare to be true: nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.
Herbert.

And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two. *Watts.*

"Liars begin by imposing upon others, but end by deceiving themselves."

"Liars have short wings."

No pleasure is comparable to standing on the vantage ground of Truth. *Bacon.*

For Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen. *Dryden.*

He is the freeman whom the Truth makes free.
Cowper.

The truth shall make you free. *John viii.* 32.

Learn these by heart and you will be glad you did so as long as you live. Your loving FATHER.

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Writing at about that time Howard's father says in another letter:

DEAR HOWARD: We speak of you many times a day and wish that you were with us; but it seems to be best for you to be there, and we try to be satisfied with that idea. Grandma B. wrote to me that Aunt H. says that you are much improved and she seems to be very fond of you. It made us all very happy to think that you are making such good friends on your own account.

I do not think we have heard how you are progressing in your school work, but take it for granted that when we do hear, the report will please us. It always gives us the greatest pleasure to hear good reports of you in any way and especially if the report is one showing that you are gaining in things that go to make a strong, bright and good man. So, as we want you to make a success of your life, we are glad whenever we see that you are equipping yourself with traits, habits and knowledge which will be of use to you hereafter. Your loving FATHER.

Another letter, dated November 12, 1893, contained the following friendly "talk" on the subject of "Honest Work":

DEAR HOWARD: W. is in great trouble because he did not pass in Algebra or Calculus and he must give up one of his studies for this term, in order to make up what he is behind in mathematics. If he cannot make up his mathematics and the dropped study before his class graduates, he will not be able to graduate with them. This will prevent his taking his degree, unless he makes up the deficiencies in a

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supplemental course, after the rest of his class have finished and gone away.

All this difficulty comes from not getting a good start last year. I am telling you about it so you may see how important it is to have your foundations well laid and to know thoroughly each step in your studies, for if there is a weak spot in your understanding, it is sure to show later on and to give you much more trouble than it would to have done the work thoroughly at first. It is like a man putting up a building. If he gets his foundation well laid and sees to it that there are no weak places in the walls, as he proceeds with them, the building will stand. No cracks will be seen in the walls and the whole will be a great satisfaction to him. But if he is careless about the foundations and allows "slop work" in the walls, giving all his attention to making them look well on the outside and only aiming to get his work accepted by the inspectors, bad cracks will soon begin to show. Then he must "patch" and do the work over and over again, often costing many times as much as it would if he had done it right in the first place. Often, such a building must be taken down altogether. When a builder is known to have built such a structure, no one will let him do any work and he finds himself without business and unable to get any.

It is just so with a man's education. If he does thorough work as he goes, he will have no trouble in the later steps of his progress, but one little weak spot may ruin the whole of his work. W.'s weakness was not due to poor work, I think, but to the fact that he started a month behind his class and has not

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been able to make up the lost time. So, my dear boy, be sure you know your lessons, not only so that your teacher will pass you, but so that you understand all about them. Then you will find, as you go on in the higher studies, that it is all much easier than you had expected it to be. After you get out of school, you will find yourself in a school which will last as long as you live. It will not do there to simply try to pass the teacher's inspection; for if your work does not pass, you do not have the chance of trying again. We are very anxious that you should be a success in life, but all we can do towards it is to give you the chance. You must do the rest yourself. It is like the old fable of taking the horse to water: any one can lead him to water, but the horse must do the drinking for himself. No one can make him drink. Lovingly, PAPA.

On November 19, 1893, Howard's father writes on the subject of "Success":

DEAR HOWARD: I think that E. is going to be an illustration of a successful man who gains success by steadiness of purpose and resolute hard work. He was a good student in school and has worked with great steadfastness for four years, often under very discouraging circumstances; but he kept at it and now he has an interest in two mines which will probably give him a comfortable income for a good many years to come. My interest in these mines is larger than E.'s, but I am sure I shall derive much more satisfaction from seeing his success than I ever shall from what the mines may yield to me.

Nothing in the way of success comes to a man without work. Steady, persistent hard work is what

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tells in the end, and when I see a young man working steadily and honestly to accomplish something, it gives me much pleasure to see him succeed: and I think of you and Jack, saying to myself: "They will be doing for themselves in a few years; I wonder if they will do as well as this young man does?" I watch young men with much interest, for I shall soon have a couple of sons doing their part of the world's work. You will have a tremendous influence on Jack's career. He looks up to you and loves and trusts you so implicitly that what you do will have a powerful influence on him. He will want to do as you do. If you make the most of your opportunities, he will do the same. So, you see much more than the consequences to yourself depends on what you do with the opportunities you are given.

Ajax is getting fat and very playful. He is so glad to see us that he runs against every one of the family he meets and he is so heavy that, if you don't look out, he is apt to knock you down. I am training him to keep off when he is told to. I give him rough play for a while, which he is very fond of, and then tell him to stop it, which he is not fond of. I make him stop and then leave him for that time. Your loving FATHER.

THE history of Howard's life in Cleveland is partly reflected in the letters of his friend previously spoken of, whom his mother had commissioned to keep watch over him. One of her letters, dated October 12, 1892, contains this testimony: "Howard is a very promising son, in fact a wonderful character in many respects, and I do not think

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you will have any regrets for sacrifices made in his behalf. I have made inquiry about him and find his standard is high."

In another letter written December 13, 1892, she says: "I will take a few moments to write to you of the dear Howard. He is earnest in the work set before him. I had such a nice chat with him Saturday. He told me his aim was to stand excellent in all his studies, and I have no doubt of his reaching his mark. He has planted his standard high but not too high. Yesterday the president of the school asked me if I would not go out on Friday and see the boys. To find his unbiased opinion about the boys [*the president not knowing of her interest in Howard*], I asked him to tell me of some of them he considered the brightest. He mentioned several and amongst them our Howard. I can tell you I was as much pleased and interested as if he were my very own dear son. Howard masters a thought while nine out of ten are thinking about it. As he lets me see his inner self, I find a manly man, the boy so called. His character is beautiful and every one in my home loves to have him come into it."

In a letter dated February 6, 1893, she tells his mother of Howard's neatness and of his self-denial in wishing her to send a box of candy to his little brother, which she had offered him. The letter reads: "Howard was here on Saturday, and I wish you could have seen him. He was as neat as wax in appearance and as manly as any man I ever saw. I always question him closely about his studies and about the boys. I believe I do get more than any one else, his inner thought, and I find him pure:

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he has no use for the impure. I had a box of candy when he came and he was so manly about that, and asked me if it would give me much trouble to send it to Jack. I could not say to him it was not worth that trouble, for it was love that prompted him to want to send it, yet I could see that it would be so acceptable to him, for boys all like candy."

Howard's mother made inquiries about his work, as he had been getting low marks, and her friend writes her the following reassuring letter under date of March 20, 1893: "Howard was here yesterday; said he was going to Chicago in a week. You speak of his not standing well in his studies. I know that of late he has not stood so well, and I have talked with him about it, just as I would to my own boy. He says he applies himself to his work and cannot see why he stands so poorly. I have made inquiries of mothers who have boys at the university, and find that Howard stands, according to his age, as well as any other boy there. Now, my dear sister, you are not to worry about God's child; He does not ask or require this of you, and many times parents' anxious thought about their children's studies is reflected on the children, and does harm instead of good. You are only required to do your part well. God will not ask you to answer for another. You are to be a good, faithful mother to this gift from God to you, but you are not to be anxious or to worry. If you worry you are not trusting, and the command is to trust with all your heart. Many times parents want their children to manifest manhood or womanhood before they have been given the light. We can only go as we are led, and we are

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to understand just where we are, before it will be said of us, 'well done, come up higher.' We are never to trust mortal mind, for there is no such a mind. Mind is God, and God does not need any help."

Writing on June 12, 1893, of Howard's conduct in church, she says: "Howard was at divine service yesterday and not one there listened more intently than he. The preacher took for his text these words from Samuel: 'Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth,' and he showed that one must be in a listening attitude to hear; for God speaks to His children just the same to-day as He did in the days of Samuel. Howard looked beautiful to me yesterday. He is so bright and natural, and the natural is real. He is far beyond those of his age in understanding; so much comes to him direct. To me it is so grandly beautiful that God's thoughts, the good thoughts, come direct from Him to His children."

Howard's openness to the Truth which heals is shown in the following letter written by his guardian and friend on February 28, 1894: "I intended to have written Monday last, to tell you of Howard. The dear little man came to service last Sunday almost on one foot. . . . When he got to me he was as white as snow; and trembled like a leaf. He told me his leg was drawn up so he could not get his foot down. I gave him a treatment then and there and told him he would see the healing manifested before he left the hall, and was so glad and happy after service to see what Truth had done for him. Howard comes regularly to Sunday service and sits as quiet as one could, seeming to drink in all he

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hears. Many times he holds my hand and I let him, for I know it is a hungry thought for mother, home and love. One morning he stood up back of me and when I pointed out a seat to him, he said, 'I would rather stand by you.' When Mrs. P. heard him she got up and brought a chair to him and said, 'I would rather stand than see that earnest boy stand.' All seem so interested in him. Why? Because he is such a bright manifestation of Intelligence."

In a letter dated March 23, 1894, the same writer says: "I attended Howard's school exhibition and he did as well as any other boy as far as I could see, and much better than some older than himself. I saw no more manifestation of error called excitableness, or restlessness, in him than in the others. While I always treat a boy as I would a man, in all my dealings, yet I never expect a boy to manifest the attributes of a man. He is not there yet, but progression or the unfolding leads him on. I talked with one of the teachers about Howard, and was told that the teachers like him very much and speak very highly about him. I could ask no more of them were he my own son instead of yours. In church he sits as quiet as I do and is attentive."

THE good fellowship existing among the younger members of the family helped much to brighten Howard's life. He loved his brothers and sisters, and they were exceedingly fond of him. The following letter written to him from home by one of his sisters September 21, 1893, pleasantly introduces the home circle:

DEAR HOWARD: Happy birthday, dear brother,

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and many of them too. We have been making a practical joke on Jack. He remarked when asked why he ate so fast, that he was hurrying to catch the train to Chicago. We carried out the joke. I gave him five cents to give the street car man and a ticket to give the conductor. We told him what to do and where to go. My fez and Judith's jacket were put on him, umbrella, etc. He went out. We watched him go to the steps. Then he came back.—"I want my umbrella opened, it is wet." The umbrella was put up. He went off again. Then he came back.—"I want my rubbers." When he had his umbrella and rubbers he started time No. 3. *Then* he came back *again*.—"I don't want to go to-night," he confessed, "but I will go in the morning." We laughed and rolled over on the floor.

The boys at our school fight. One boy got a black eye and a piece bitten out of his arm. This is "Comme il faut." Equinox weather. I have some clay to model with Judith and Helen; well, I guess I won't tell. Ask them. Mice! Mice! Lizzie M. is here. She is lovely. Write me a long, long letter. Do you like the candy? (1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10) (11) (12) kisses and 1 to grow on. Love, from ABBY.

HOWARD'S letters to his mother during his stay in Cleveland were for the most part just boyish epistles, giving frank and ready estimates of things that came up in his experience, but not at all precocious. In one of them, dated September 26, 1893, he writes:

DEAR MAMMA: In language and history we have

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an easy time of it. I got those books and proofs that you sent me last night. When papa and I were in Chicago we saw "Aladdin, Jr." at the Chicago Opera House. I have kept my diary faithfully ever since January. I am reading "Taking the Bastile" by Alexandre Dumas,—it is about a boy whose mother dies and he was taken care of by a fidgety old lady who did not like him, and inside of five years she sent him out of her house. I have gotten as far as where he was taken captive by three men but he was loosened by somebody and he ran as hard as he could and got away. From your affectionate son, H. M. LONGYEAR.

Howard sometimes mixed thoughtfulness with fun in a very confusing way, as in the following letter dated January 13, 1894:

DEAR FOLKS: On Saturday I began to acquire the bad habit of staying in bed late, for I read the "Blue Fairy Book." I read some fine stories such as the "Yellow Dwarf" and the "Bronze Ring," so that I was late to breakfast. After breakfast A., E. and I got on our things and went up in the garret to play still pond. The game is this,—"It" blindfolds and counts twenty while the others are hiding. He then says "Still Pond," and hunts for them. The one he finds has to be "It." In the afternoon I went to a play: it is called "Wang." I have no need of my bicycle, so I want to get your consent to give it to H. He is so in need of one. May I give it away? From your affectionate SON.

In the spring of 1894 he became absorbingly interested in a little girl, and his effort to enlist his eldest sister as an aid in winning the favor of the

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little belle, brought about quite a comedy state of affairs. On May 3, 1894, he wrote to his sister as follows:

DEAR A.: On Monday I had a great time after school. I played tag with ——. She called me "Daddy Longlegs." We played wood tag. Of course I did all my tricks for her such as bending backwards and double handspring, etc., for her. She said "Good night" to me. Yesterday I had the greatest time with her; we played tag, old witch, and school. She gave me several lickings. Then the other children that were playing tag with us went in the house for dinner. I sat on the rail with her. Then I read my diary of the first six days of January to her and got her gradually acquainted with *you*. I then told her that you would like her to write to you. I wrote the address in my best handwriting (with the flourishes on the g's and y's and t's). While we were playing she chewed the first one up so I had a chance to improve the B, the 6, and street. She said she would write to you this morning. I'll bet mine gets there first. Be sure to write a good long letter to her. From your confectionate BROTHER.

P. S. I have acquired a better handwriting. Do you not think so?

Obedient to his request Howard's sister wrote to the little girl, but the effect was not what he had hoped for, and he was not pleased. His mother made some inquiries about the girl, which was objectionable to him also, and he wrote home about it.

In a letter dated May 30, 1894, his mother took him to task for the way he had written, giving him a plain "talk" calculated to let him down "a peg or

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two," but she softened his fall by playfully but kindly closing her letter with, "Lovingly your best girl for ten years. Mamma." In another letter written a short time after the grievance about his little sweetheart, Howard's mother said: "I am going to send you my picture very soon and every time you look at it imagine me saying—'I love and trust you.'"

IN the autumn Howard's parents went to Europe, but mother-love still brooded near the boy. The letters show the same interest in his work and play. Just before sailing the mother writes from New York: "Dear Boy: Be sure to show love to Mrs. A. and all the boys at the house: tell me about them. I shall look for a letter on the steamer."

The following are extracts from his mother's letters from abroad.

Paris, October 12, 1894. I want to know everything about you, how you feel, eat, sleep, do, dream, study, dance, etc. Be sure to hold your heart full of love to everybody and all will be well.

Paris, November 19, 1894. How I wish you were here to-night so that I could *love* you and hug you and tell you how much I long to have you grow to be an *honest, upright, pure man*, one who always speaks the truth and scorns a lie. Your own MAMMA.

[In one of Howard's letters to his mother, dated November 19, 1894, he says: "I am standing 'very poor' in one of my studies, 'poor' in another, and 'fair' in two. This is the lowest report I ever expect to have."]

Paris, December 2, 1894. I am very sorry, Howard,

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you are standing so low in your studies. It will be a great disgrace if you would have to fall back into a lower class. If you could know that whatever you do *well* is doing "unto the Lord," I am sure you would make a great effort to conquer disinclination to work. All wisdom is from God and you ought to go to Him and ask for wisdom. Cheer us, dear boy, by a good report this month. Now, Howard, I want you to promise me to commence the first of January to read the second chapter of Matthew, and we will read together every night.

Paris, December 28. You have something yourself, my darling, to do, if you would manifest God (or Good), and that is to take every little fear and care to your loving adviser and friend Mrs. C. Whenever any one says to you, "Howard, I am afraid of so and so," always think back, "I live in Love, that which is good,—good thoughts, good words and good acts." It made me very sorry to think that you suffered: suffering is not of God. You must learn to fight the evil thought yourself, that it may not overcome you. Every night, dear boy, say this to yourself, learn it by heart and go to sleep with it in your thought: "I am made in the image and likeness of God: I reflect all power over evil, all wisdom, all joy. Nothing can come to hurt or harm me, for *God is all there is.*" When you think that God *is* the only *power* then no cloud of error can bring you any ill. Your own MAMMA.

THE following is an extract from one of his father's letters written from Paris, November 4, 1894:

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DEAR HOWARD: I hope you will succeed in your wood carving work. It will train your hand and mind as no other exercise will, and the ability to do such work will give you and your friends much pleasure as long as you live. When you come to travel you will see wonderful wood carving in almost all countries. If you have a good knowledge of how it is done you will be able to appreciate such things better than people who do not know how difficult it is to do such work. There will be a fine chance for you to do some wood carving in our cottage at Pine River. You can carve faces, etc., on the ends of logs, poles, etc., in the house every year; also on the sides of the logs. Heads of dogs, fish, wolves, bears, deer; figures of ducks, partridges, fish, gulls, loons, squirrels, etc., would add very much to the interior of the house. There will be lots of places where such things can be put on, a few every year, and by the time you are a man the house will have an interest for you that no other will. Get up a subject to cut on the end of a log in the new cottage next summer: do it on rainy days. Lovingly, PAPA.

ABOUT the time that Howard's parents were preparing to return to America, his mother received the following letter, dated March 24, 1895, from her friend in Cleveland, this being a final report: "I am just going to welcome you to your beautiful home, and also remind you in your joy to be home again, of the true home. Do not for one moment forget that the *real home* is in the Father's house, Mind, and in the understanding of this you

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THE HOUSE AT MARQUETTE

will *truly be at Home*. Your dear son sat beside me at service this morning, and I could but think how your mother heart would rejoice could you see him. He has grown in Truth, and this brings the change. There came a time when the thoughts of error were thrown at him on every side, so much so, that it seemed to me that I had to do as Jacob did, wrestle with a man until the break of day, and then the peace came to both Howard and me. It rested also on all the dear ones who had been so anxious about him.

"Mr. and Mrs. A. called me up by telephone and wrote me notes every time. It seemed to them wrong, and then they had an opportunity to see the working of Truth. Howard came up like a ball. We had such nice long visits and he seemed to love and trust me. Oh, how my heart went out in gratitude to the loving Father for His great manifestation of love which had been poured out so freely."

WHILE at school in Cleveland, Howard formed an intimate friendship with one of his classmates to whose good influence he often bore testimony. As this friendship was a part of Howard's school life in Cleveland, the expressions of both boys in after years, concerning each other, are given here. In his diary for July 28, 1898, Howard speaks of this friend as follows: "H. W. is the one of my boy friends in whom I first found the virtue of morality, and, following the example that he held out towards me, have tried to make my life much better by not even *thinking* bad thoughts. It was hard at first, but continually has become easier until now I hardly ever have bad thoughts."

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It seems that this friend was not conscious of being held in such high esteem by Howard and when the above quotation from his diary was sent him long afterwards, he wrote the following letter to Howard's mother, dated July 22, 1900:

"Howard's departure has made me very thoughtful and sombre, and also very humble of spirit. If it had been any one else of whom I thought so much, I probably would have given away more to my feelings, but with Howard it was different. I feel that he has simply gone on a little way farther toward perfection, and left ever present with us, the beautiful influence of his life. He was different from my other friends because of the remarkable purity of his thought, which even though unexpressed, could be plainly felt, and the good his presence, or the memory of him always did me. It quite overawes me to think that I was an influence in Howard's life; for I always thought it was just the other way around, all the power for good emanating from him. It was very good of you to send me the letters and extracts from the diary. I have all Howard's letters, and those with the ones you sent me fill out one of the most interesting and important chapters in my life.

"When I think it over, I conclude that if I was a good influence for Howard it must have been that it was impossible for me to turn any but my best side to him. His spirit being clear and pure, saw only what was clear and pure in mine. With much love for you all, H. W."

The time Howard spent in Cleveland was a season of great intellectual and spiritual growth, but

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the results were not immediately seen. It was a transitional period between the mental dependence of childhood and the independence of youth. Howard passed through many phases of thought while undergoing this change, and often his friends felt uneasy on account of the objectionable traits of character he manifested, but these proved to be passing shadows.

Howard left the University School in June, 1895, and it may be said that even then his awakened thought discerned something of the ideal man.

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III. EXPERIENCES ABROAD, ESPECIALLY IN FRANCE AND GERMANY

The man who masters himself is free.—EPICTETUS.

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III. EXPERIENCES ABROAD, ESPECIALLY IN FRANCE AND GERMANY

THE fibre of Howard's character was so strengthened by his experience in depending on himself, during the two years in Cleveland, that he no longer leaned unduly on his parents. Conscious of having in a measure gained command of his thought, he stood plumb, fronting life's difficulties with courage. At the close of the school term in June, 1895, it was decided by Howard's parents to continue his education abroad, and, after a vacation filled to the brim with the delight which the freedom of the woods always yielded, he sailed for Europe with his mother and the other children. It was quite a hardship for him to leave his own country and give up his summers in the Michigan woods, even for the sake of seeing foreign lands. Toward the close of the summer he mentions the prospective trip several times in his diary, but without enthusiasm. On August twenty-fourth he writes: "To-day I went down to the boat, the 'City of Marquette,' and nearly cried as I thought of leaving my heaven for two whole years; but a man's courage must be kept up within him."

On the page in his diary for September twelfth, under the heading, "Sailed on 'Normania,'" he writes: "Went across the ferry to Hoboken, where we took the steamer 'Normania' for Cherbourg, France. We went down the Hudson to Governor's, Ellis, Liberty and Oyster Islands. We passed Sandy Hook and then went out into the ocean to see no more of America until April, 1897. I felt very queer in leaving my native land for even a year and a half."

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The fly-leaf of his diary for 1896 bore the following words: "The real is the good,—the true. Write only that; all else is a lie. From Mamma."

We have now come to a period which was rich in interest to Howard. He had advanced far enough in the knowledge of the world, and the arts and sciences pertaining to it, to have the keenest relish for study and experiment. He had his camera, his tools and apparatus, his books, and a continent full of interesting people: he was busy all the time, and happy in his manifold activity. But he was by no means carried away by these interests, for he knew that his foundation was in God, the divine Mind, and unfailingly he turned to his Bible and "Science and Health" for guidance. There are many sentences in his letters and journal which show that Howard only sought the best in people, rejecting the bad unerringly, and his diary during the first year in Paris shows how discriminating was his sense of right and wrong.

THE entries from Howard's diary which follow record some of his experiences and meditations while abroad.

January 6, 1896. *Paris.* Got up and dressed and had déjeuner in my room. Got my capuchon and hat on and got my books under my arms when I perceived it was only half-past eight, so mamma read to me out of "Science and Health," and I went away feeling so much the better for it.

January 12. We expected papa to-night from America, so I stayed awake nearly all night, but he did not come at all.

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January 13. Went to school kind of disappointed because papa did not come, but I got news to come home for lunch and go down with Mr. G. to meet him. I tell you I was glad to see papa, and I think he was glad also.

January 19. Slept late in the morning. Got on my wrapper and went into the parlor and heard the reading and helped it on by my "Science and Health" by Mary Baker G. Eddy. Went and got dressed and had lunch. Profited by the permission to speak English there, by demanding of my beloved "Pop" to take me to the Musée de Cluny.

February 2, 1896. In the morning played chess with papa and had a great time.

March 7, 1896. I am picking out the best boy in the school now, to follow for an example, and I think I will take Boigue.

March 13. Got up when Mr. V. called me because, I said, "When a plunge has to be made there is no use lingering on the bank."

March 16. I am now trying to follow advice: Always mind your own business. Never be a cause of remark to anybody if you can help it. If you know your way is right, be firm. Be patient and slow to anger. Be prompt in commencing work, because of the proverb, "Well begun is half done." Be courageous and persevering under severest difficulties. Don't be too forward in doing things, unless somebody urges you on. Never think bad thoughts. If a bad thought escapes try to feel bad yourself about it. Never laugh at dirty things as all the Frenchmen do. Be sincere in everything you do. Never make yourself prominent in any place. Never say any-

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thing bad about anybody. Try to make friends, because in future years you may have some need of them. Never help in any enterprise that you see is wrong, and don't say, "If things *were* so—but as things *are* so, I shall get the best I can out of them."

March 18. My maxims are very hard to acquire. I have added: Think before you speak, because I find myself giving bad counsels to my companions, and I try to break my old habits, which are harder to break than I thought they were. Habit is a cable: we weave a thread of it each day and at last it is so strong that we cannot break it. I see that I am too easily led. Firmness is another thing that I ought to do (acquire).

May 14, 1896.

Habits gather by unseen degrees,
Brooks make rivers and rivers run to seas.

I have decided that I must waste no time but keep right on the best that I can. When I am expected to work, I must work; and when I am given a holiday, I must play. I cannot practice the last part of this now because I am not in a regular school where I ought to be, because I am behind in Algebra, Botany and Physical Geography. I have also decided that I would rather work this summer than play, because I am so much behind. My routine is: June, July, August and September—Prepare for Virgil; run through the Algebra perfectly with a special teacher that can talk English; run through Botany and Physical Geography and have a little beginning in German. Then from October to June or May, I will have German, Virgil and Wells' Geometry.

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Then from June to September, 1897, I will go through examinations and preliminary work at the U. S., finish the course there, take two years at Harvard, four years at the M. M. S., and then go into papa's office and work as an apprentice, and then work with papa, and keep his business running for him. I am now trying to work as hard as I can and keep up a determination to do the best that I can when I get back to the university. I am going to try to be at the head of the class there and at Harvard, and also at the M. M. S. If I can ever get at the head of my class I am going to try to keep there. I am not going to study any longer than the rest of the boys, but play with all my might when I get at it. I am trying to get rid of ——'s company, but I cannot do it easily. He will "go the wrong road for the sake of company." Never read silly books that aren't thought anything of, or by the reading of which you cannot learn anything. Read the newspapers, but leave out all murders, deaths, etc. Never read degrading literature because it never does you any good. If you do not know whether it is bad or not, ask a person who has read it and find out his opinion. [*Howard's mother says: "Mr. L. and I were away in Italy and Howard was working this thought out by himself."*]

May 17. I shall be glad when I get to America, where one does not think low-down, disgraceful, degrading thoughts, as over in France. I cannot look at a woman over here that I do not think to be a "true soul wronged," or somebody led to disgrace by the counsels of bad men. I went to the American Church and there my thoughts about women being impure,

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changed in a moment, and I then thought, "with Heaven above and Faith below, I will not yet yield to the devil." There are so many bad women in Paris, that there are convents where they put the young girls that think nothing at all impure, and keep them there from one year's end to another, without once seeing or hearing of the outside world. *Hardly* any *woman on the street* is considered *pure* and in America it is thought that *every woman is pure*. In church I considered what a degraded creature man will be if he follows the course he has started. I made a resolution that my soul would not be sold to the devil if I had my way. I sincerely wish that I had never seen —— because he seems bound to go around with me and lead me into bad habits, such as saying sentences with two meanings. I think myself that it is a disgrace to me and my sisters. A. is fond of making remarks on how I now go to church every Sunday and say little, but I don't care about saying much, because "To keep one's peace has never done harm for any one: to speak has done ill to many."

June 5, 1896. Papa left for America to-day.

AT the beginning of the summer vacation, after he had been in school a year in Paris, his mother and the rest of the family went to Holland to study the country, but of his own choice Howard went to a small summer school at Pretreville, where he lived in a French household while studying under a private tutor. During the residence of the family in France and Germany there were but few occasions for correspondence between Howard and his mo-

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ther. Once she left the children with a friend and went to Italy. From there she wrote them this fable in a playful vein, which greatly delighted the "brood": "A mother bird had tried to teach her little birds to sing, to chirp, and to feed themselves. One day a wise man said to her, 'You must let them try their wings for themselves: you must go away and see if they appreciate and understand their teachings.' So the poor mother bird flew off a long distance, but she had a magic glass, through which she could see what her birdies did. Her biggest birdie helped the little ones. She wrote little messages of love each day on the green leaves which the wind wafted to the lonesome heart of the mother. She thought not of self, of her voice, of her plumage, more than she thought of expressing love, and her mother-bird was happy, and said, 'My work has not been in vain.' The next birdie said to himself,—he was a beautiful yellow canary, with curly feathers,—'Now that I have a chance to show what I can do for myself, I will show that I deserve confidence.' He preened and washed himself every morning in the pure limpid streams and sent such glad songs of joy to his mother, that she said, 'Happy am I in having such a treasure.' The little ones played and hopped from bough to bough, never quarrelling or pecking at each other. They always found time from their own pleasure and studies to send sweet messages to their far-off mamma,—who thanked the Good Father each night for all the love manifested."

HOWARD wrote home frequently to his father while abroad, and as his letters give some ac-

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count of his occupations, the following extracts are taken from them:

Paris, November 30, 1895.

DEAR PAPA: Received yours of the seventh and twelfth. I hope you had a good time up at the club. I can imagine your horses wading through the snow on the lonely road past Sugarloaf. I suppose you huddled together to keep warm, and felt miserable. I have never been to Crary's camp, but I should like to go there very much. At Crary's camp it must have been miserable sitting around waiting for daylight. You must have been "Big Injun Me" when you shot that partridge. Will B. used to say that S. thought the world of his homestead. I would have liked to go there with you very much. It was very nice of you to write that letter describing the hunting trip with the sole hope that I was the only one that was going to be interested in it. If you could have seen the happy faces around the table when mamma read the letter to us children you would not have thought so.

Paris, June 18, 1896.

DEAR PAPA: I am feeling kind of blue now because mamma has just been over here, taken away all my ink bottles that I used for mechanical drawing, and routed everything out because she didn't see the use of such trash, but I suppose you know how dear a boy's paraphernalia is to him. In fact I feel a little off, but when I come to think about it seriously, I find that I have not lost anything worth thinking about. I could not write to you Sunday because I went to the Grand Prix (horse

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race). I got next to the bars when the race went by and came very near getting knocked over by the horses, because leaning over the edge of the inside railing. Then we went for a ride in our carriage, which I did not like much, because we went so slow and the other carriages were so thick that we could n't breathe.

I use my camera obscura for making a magic lantern now. I take the box and place it with the end, with the round hole in it, on top, and place a candle (A) inside and let the rays come out of the hole. Then I put in the small part of the wooden cover, which I cut in two parts (B). Then I take a piece of ground glass and slide it in above this (C), and with a piece of cardboard, with a hole in it just the size of my photograph, on top of it. Between the two I slide my film. The only trouble with it is that such rays of light as X, Y and Z which pass the lens, disperse their light around the room, which makes the object on the screen less luminous. If mamma had not confiscated all my things I should have put my lens on a piece of wood with a hole of the lens' size in it, so that no rays except those directed on the screen and those coming out of the air hole in the top of the box, could escape into the room. [*This description was accompanied by a drawing.*]

To-day I took a walk from our school down to the front of the Trocadéro, where I took a picture. Then I went up into the Trocadéro, where I took a picture of the Eiffel Tower. Then I came down, crossed the bridge and went under the Eiffel Tower, where I took a picture of the Palais des Machines. Then I walked a long way and took a picture of the

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Chambre des Députés. Then I crossed the bridge and took the Place de la Concorde. Then I went down the centre of the Gardens of the Tuileries and took a picture of the Arc du Carrousel from the back. Then I took a picture of the Palais Royal. Then I took the interior court of the Louvre. From there I went up to see the Bourse and the Halles Centrales, and took a picture of the magnificent carving on the portals of the Church of St. Eustache. Then I took a picture of the carving on the Church of St. Merri. Then I took the Tour St. Jacques. Then I took a bad one of Notre Dame from the Pont au Change while an omnibus was in front, so I think I lost the picture. Then I got the bridge, an omnibus, and the Tour St. Jacques. Then I rounded the end of the Island and took the Palais de Justice. Then I crossed the bridge and went down to the Musée de Cluny, of which I took the interior court. Then I took the Sorbonne (College of France). After that I got a good one of the Panthéon. Then I got a good one of the Jardin du Luxembourg. Then I got one of the Musée du Luxembourg, which was not exactly what I wanted, but was the best I could get. Then I took one of St. Sulpice, of which I only got the lower half. Then as it was 4:20 I came back and crossed the bridge to the Island. When I got there I went along the edges of the river and got a pocket edition of Virgil without notes or vocabulary. Then I took a picture of Notre Dame and came home.

Mamma does not think she will take me to Holland with her, but she is going to put me in a school at Trouville, in the north of France, where they

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prepare English and American boys for English and American schools and colleges. I hope that you will send me your Frieze's Virgil because the small book that I have is only to read when I have nothing else to do. Lovingly, your SON.

P. S. June 19. This morning I went for another walk and took five pictures of the Cafés, etc., in the Champs Elysées, two of the Column Vendôme, the Opéra, the Church of Trinité, the Porte St. Denis, the Porte St. Martin, the Conservatoire twice, the Place de la République, the Place de la Bastile (twice) and came home on the boat.

Pretreville, France, July 26, 1896.

DEAR PAPA: I received your letter of July third to-day with a letter of mamma's. I am working like the "very divil himself bedad" in Algebra, and the teacher says that at the rate I'm a going now I can finish the whole show in two months. I much prefer studying to skipping about the country seeing everything, and getting a big mixture of everything in my head, like I did when I went to Tours. I have got a more secreted place in the woods and I like it ever so much better. I am now at the point marked A on the map. [*Howard drew a map of the woods in one corner of the letter.*] Our farm is at the S. Eastern end of the woods, so it is easy to see that I chose the most remote place in the woods. I have not yet explored the N. Eastern part of the woods, so that I don't know what sort of trails there are. I have not had my photos developed yet.

I hope that you will find your Frieze's Virgil to send me because I am very anxious to commence in reading Virgil.

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I suppose you were glad you were not in the cottage when it was struck by lightning. I hope you will make a pretty yard out of the B.'s property because it will be a great surprise to all of us when we come back to our fatherland. A new boy has come whose name is Wandby, and he comes from England. He is very jolly. All the boys generally go in swimming at 4:30, and I think that I shall go in swimming as soon as I finish my letter to you. I would like to receive copies of Smith's reports as soon as possible, so that I can put them in my map books. Your loving son, H. M. LONGYEAR.

Pretreville, July 31, 1896.

DEAR PAPA: I pity poor Ajax with gout in his foot. I suppose that he is feeling down in the mouth now. "Paddy" the bear must be getting quite old now as it is quite a while since they have had him, about two or three years now. I told you in my last letter that I had not gotten my photographs developed. I have one picture of the street sprinkler, but not of the street sweepers. I am making a fine map of the club on vellum and am waiting for the plates of the sections, before I finish it. I have a roll of vellum about 7½ feet long and ¾ of a yard wide. I asked you for these plates in one of my letters but it is possible that you did not notice it. I would rather have them on the report sheets divided into squares of 100 paces, instead of those of 125 paces. I have a small map on vellum already made, comprising all the sections that Smith, Brotherton and Forbes explored last year, with the sections of this size. Lovingly, your son, H. M. L.

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Pretreville, August 5, 1896.

DEAR PAPA: I have almost waited in vain for my Frieze's Virgil. I have three Virgils now, but none of them has a vocabulary. I have just taken up Geometry and Algebra together. I would like you to send me Frieze's Virgil and the plates of sections, and add to them all that you know about them, because I do not wish to be behind in knowledge of the club. If the new maps are out yet I should like one of them. I am trying my hardest to get German so that I can get a dial compass when I get back to America. I hope that you will tell me all that you know about the new things at the club. I have a fine nest in the hay-loft here and on some afternoons I go in and sleep there. Hoping that you are having a fine time up at the club, your loving son, H. M. L.

Pretreville. [*Not dated.*] I am thinking of buying one of the goats if they will not cost too much, because the people here want to sell him and he and I are such great friends that I should hate to have him go away from the farm.

IN the fall of 1896 Howard was summoned from Paris to Dresden by his mother, and he made the trip all alone. There he was put in a special school.

While in France he did not have much to contend with in the way of sickness, for the French people take life with so much zest and gusto that they have small room in their thought for fear and expectancy of disease. Sickness being less thought about, was less prevalent, and Howard enjoyed more freedom in that direction than usual, for he was extremely

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sensitive to the mental conditions surrounding him. In Germany it was very different. There the people have grown morbid on the subject of disease and there seems to be an all but universal fear of contagion. Howard went to board in the school in Dresden—a very strict one, where there was a very high regard for what the medical authorities call health laws, and he had a good deal to meet.

One of his experiences is told in a letter to his father dated Dresden, October 11, 1896, as follows: "About two weeks ago they put me to bed here at school because I looked sick and had a headache. The doctor came in and ordered me a whole box of medicine. In the afternoon mamma came and took me out. I stayed out for a week and had a fine time going to the opera, going out to teas, and to make calls."

Every Sunday morning he was permitted to go home to his mother, who, with the other children, was living in a hotel in the city. One time Howard went home having every manifestation of chicken-pox, but it was promptly met in accordance with Christian Science methods, and the evidence of the error disappeared. The baby brother showed some signs of having taken on the disease,—or claim of disease, as we prefer to call it,—but he was brought out of it at once.

Howard was able to help himself to quite an extent, in such trials, by the use of what he understood of Christian Science, and he was diligent in his study of the subject. His Bible and "Science and Health" are much marked and underscored. On the page margins it was his practice to set down the

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dates when he had read different passages, and these notes show that he was a faithful student. He also had at this time a copy of the familiar devotional book of texts, "Daily Light on the Daily Path," which his mother had given him. Its page of Scripture for each day was seldom if ever neglected. The markings and notes indicate that the book was literally his "daily light." In the space over the question from Proverbs, "Who can say, I have made my heart clean?" which appears at the top of the page for February fifteenth, Howard wrote, "I can say I have tried." He clearly saw the far-reaching nature of the question, and was able to face it, giving an answer which was fearless yet devoid of conceit. On the fly-leaf at the back of the book, he wrote, "For resistance of evil see February 25." The first reference on the page is, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." His schoolmates in Dresden could not understand why he took such an amazing interest in the Scriptures, and his devotion to the Book made a great impression on every one connected with the school.

In a letter written to his father from Dresden, November 23, 1896, Howard says: "I have taken to reading the Bible lots and I find that there are many things that I did not suspect of being in it. Mamma says, 'When you find yourself in an embarrassing situation, think what papa would do under the same circumstances,' but I follow Jesus' example, do what I think is altogether *right*. I find that the main thing is the Bible. It says in the Bible, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me,' and now reading

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in the Bible is my greatest joy. When I first began taking up the Bible I used to worry my head over Revelation, but when I had studied on it for three days, I made up my mind that I did n't have enough of the Spirit in me to understand it."

One time he did not go to see his mother on a holiday and she was very much hurt by what she thought to be his indifference. Afterwards she learned that he had remained away because he was fighting the claim of measles and wished to prove the sufficiency of his own understanding of Christian Science. He finally had to call out for help. His mother writes: "Well do I remember the Sunday morning that a big boy came to the door of our apartments, and, throwing his arms around my neck, said: 'Mamma, I 've done all I could.' I saw what it was, but I had no fear. I did my best, but at night the fever was raging, and so I called the proprietor up and told him of the case, assuring him that there would be no contagion if he would keep quiet about it. He was afraid for his hotel, however, and called a doctor. I told this doctor that I did not employ him for any other reason than to satisfy the law's demands. I talked to him about Christian Science and he became much interested, but for the sake of abiding by the law, Howard had to go to the hospital. It seemed wicked to take a child in that condition out in the bitter cold, but he was supported and protected through the ordeal by Divine power. I went with Howard and after seeing him safely in bed, left him to God in all faith. I forbade all remedies, which are little used in German hospitals anyway. The next day the nurse showed me a fever chart re-

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cording Howard's temperature, with the mark to the highest point, and she told me in a whisper that he was 'very sick.' I sat by his bedside a few moments, and demonstrated—*proved* the truth of Being—for pretty soon he peeped his head out and said: 'Mamma, will you play a game of checkers with me?' We spent a happy afternoon together, and afterwards they could find no trace of fever. The next day I found Howard swathed in hot cloths and down again, under the thought that the fever had gone to his lungs, and he coughed dreadfully. I used authority over error and commanded the cloths to be taken off. I told Howard to 'Rise, in the strength of Spirit, to resist all that is unlike God.' 'Science and Health,' page 392. I told the doctor he must quiet the fear of the nurse, and tell her to leave Howard alone, if he coughed all night. I felt the dominion of Spirit to be absolute. The next morning Howard told me that the doctor ran in early and after pulling down the bed clothes and listening at his breast, said: 'Well! your mother is the best doctor I ever saw.' In five or six days Howard was out of the hospital, and in another hotel, but they would not let him come back to us for three weeks, although he was entirely free from the claim."

A TOUR of the principal cities of Austria, Italy and Greece brought Howard's European visit to a close. He used quite a large book for his notes of this trip, in which he wrote elaborate descriptions of the buildings, paintings and statuary he saw, supplementing his notes with drawings, measurements and diagrams. Interspersed among the notes of his

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travels, are occasional reflections, which reveal what was going on in his inner consciousness. These, with references to the places where he stopped, are here given.

January 25, 1897. Left Dresden for Vienna via Bodenbach at 11:25 A.M., and arrived at Bodenbach at 1 and at Prague at 3:10. Papa told us stories all the way. We reached Vienna at 10:25 P.M.

January 27. Got on board train at 7:25 for Venice. Reached Venice at 11:05 and had a ride in a gondola to the Hotel Royal Danieli.

[While in Venice, Howard asked permission to go to St. Mark's alone, and he sat there all one afternoon. Speaking to his mother afterward about his visit, he said: "Mamma, if a man had never heard about God, I believe that he would feel that there was one, if he went into that Cathedral."]

February 3, 1897. Went on the cars at 2:30 and rode to Trieste. Went to Hotel de la Ville in Trieste, where they had candles in our rooms.

February 4. Went on board of the "Hungaria," which started at 11:30. The Dalmatian and Montenegran Islands were in sight all the way to larboard. Sat up on deck quite late star gazing.

February 6. Stopped at Brindisi in the morning at 1 o'clock, but did not wake up. In the morning at 7, Turkey and Corfu were in sight. Stopped at a small settlement near to which were a lot of ruins. A lot of Turks got on board. Then we went to Corfu. Left Corfu at 5:25 P.M.

February 7. (*January* 26, *Julian.*) The Julian Calendar is used here in Greece, so that they are eleven days behind time. When I woke up, we had stopped

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at Patras. Got on board the train at 7:45 A.M. and left for Athens. Saw Corinth at 1:30. Got off and had lunch. Came to Athens and went to the Hotel de la Grande Bretagne.

February 15. In the morning at 6:25 we took the train to Corinth. Stopped at Corinth for lunch at 10:40.

February 20. In the morning went along the shore of Corfu to Corfu, where we stopped from 10 to 4.

February 21. Arrived at Brindisi at 7. We took a ride around the city for an hour, after which we took the train for Naples. Made up my mind to learn Italian for my own good. Got to Naples at 9 and went to the Grand Hotel. Found out that I ought to have dressed up because all the other men there did. Found out that I must also learn table manners. I am now making up my mind to be something in this world and I had better reform my bad habits pretty quick.

March 1, 1897. Took the train to Rome at 3 P.M. and arrived at 8:30.

March 15. Rome to Florence, 9:30 to 3.

March 27. Took the train for Milan, where we arrived at 1 P.M.

After March twenty-seventh, Howard made no more entries either in his journal or note-book during his visit abroad, and a few weeks later he landed in America, feeling a more earnest desire to acquit himself nobly in life's struggle than when he left home.

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IV. LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL — A RECORD OF TWO YEARS OF EARNEST THOUGHT AND HARD STUDY

Be not simply good — be good for something.

THOREAU.

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IV. LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL—A RECORD OF TWO YEARS OF EARNEST THOUGHT AND HARD STUDY

ON reaching America in May, 1897, Howard was ready and eager for serious work. The resolutions he adopted while abroad, to make the best use of his opportunities, had not been forgotten: he showed at once that he intended to keep them all unbroken. Although he had been away from home so long,—and no boy ever loved his home more than he,—Howard put away his longings and went almost straight from the steamer to school. He entered the Lawrenceville School in Lawrenceville, New Jersey, May twenty-third, and settled down to the hardest kind of work, because it was necessary for him to make up a whole year in Greek, in the short time remaining before the summer vacation, and during the vacation itself, in order to take his rightful place in the classes at the beginning of the next term.

All through the two years in Lawrenceville, Howard seemed to keep his ideals ever in remembrance; and to strive honestly for their realization in his own life. He was a severe critic of his own work and conduct, and an unrelenting taskmaster, though a just one. Although he played golf and was a good oarsman and wheelman; took pleasure in long walks, dancing and horseback riding; played chess and checkers and was somewhat of a musician, Howard did not lose himself in any of these things, but steadily held to the course he had mapped out in France, in order that he might be both good, and "good for something."

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THE following selections from his letters written to his parents during 1897, show how much zeal Howard began to manifest in his work and what a clear purpose was back of nearly everything he did:

January 9, 1897. In unpacking my trunk I found that quite a number of things had been left out. One of them was my little brass clock, and another was my big Bible, which I need very much. I also left my "Miscellaneous Writings" by Mrs. Eddy. I wish that you would send me the "Christian Science Quarterly" so that I can keep up with you in the good work. I have quite a lot of spare time now and am reading "Tom Brown at Oxford." I think that I shall act on mamma's suggestion and buy a good book every month. This month I will buy "Tom Brown's School Days." Be sure and send my clock, my Bible, my "Miscellaneous Writings," and the "Christian Science Quarterly" in a good strong box.

June 6, 1897. I will not need a Greek tutor now during the summer, so I have made up my mind to study "like a trooper" and get all done now.

June 14. My Greek is getting along swimmingly; but, as the lessons let out earlier than I expected, I shall have to study much harder than I have been studying. My Greek for the summer will only be twenty-five pages in Xenophon and I expect that I shall do a little more also, both for the practice and for a start in next year's work. I should like it immensely if papa should buy me a small tent and provisions and let me shift for myself in the woods for a week or two, in which time the mornings would

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be employed in looking (up) the sections south of the Big Huron River, i.e. those sections on the club map that S. and B. have not done yet. During that time, I could study in the afternoons and evenings and look over the Latin, Greek, Geometry, English and Bible for next year's work, so that I would n't have to study so hard here next year. As it is my desire to be in the first division of my class, the work done during the summer will be so much gained. . . . I guess that my account is fifteen dollars, although I don't know, and would like enough money to get home on, with a two days' stop at Cleveland and a little extra. I would like to see Mrs. C., H., Aunt H. and all the boys of the University School; and I would like to have H. come up to the club this summer, because I never saw any boy that compared with him in everything or anything. Besides I would like H. to go with me to Harvard, and he says that he is rather undecided between Princeton and Harvard, but says that he will go to Harvard if he can go with me. I would like very much to renew the best friendship that I ever had.

[*Not dated but probably written before October* 9, 1897.]

Dear Parents: I have not received any letters from you at all this week. The last ones were blowing me up about something about which I did not deserve to be blown up. All the same, I saw that you were trying to instruct me in the way that I should go, and that eased my mind concerning your tribulation considerably. In my studies, I am in the first section in everything except Algebra, in which I am in the second section; but we have an examination

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Wednesday and I hope that I may be able to redeem myself.

October 10, 1897. I lost my Bible two weeks ago and have not been able to find it since. I think somebody has borrowed it with the intention of never returning it. . . . If I don't get it inside of a week I will write you to send me another. I have already written *twice* for a Bible Dictionary and it has not been mentioned in any of my letters for two weeks.

October 24. I mailed my C. S. application to Mrs. C. to-day, after having signed my name to it. [*Howard refers to his application for membership in The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston.*] I am first section in everything now, having started in the third section in Algebra.

October 31. By the paper which I send you, you will see that I am on the honor roll in both Greek and Latin. . . . I am studying my Latin quite hard, because all the names in Forestry are in Latin. I am also reading a book entitled "Outlines of Forestry" by Houston. I wish that papa would get it for his library because it sets forth very clearly the reasons why Forestry is so important, and at the end of each chapter, it gives quotations from other books such as pertain to Forestry.

November 7, 1897. In the letter that papa wrote me he said: "Who ever hears of a man who stood at the head of his classes at college?" Mr. B. stood at the head in his classes, and I think you have heard enough of him: if you haven't I will tell you something more about him. He used to say: "Who will ever hear of me? No one: but the character which is in me shall be imparted to every young

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man that I come across and he will bless the name of B. to his dying day. I am one of those few men, who seek not for praise, who make no boast in their own powers; but I, B., am right now. I am laying a foundation for the future generation. Will the name of B. be spoken? No: it will be treasured up in the hearts of the few truly great men whom I have made." Imagine this speech being spoken at five o'clock in the morning,—Mr. B. out in front of a French farm-house in his night-shirt, pacing up and down; two English boys swallowing it all, and myself giggling. I go to the Y. M. C. A. here because I was unanimously elected a member by all the other members; besides I, by going there, find out the boy in his best light.

December 5, 1897. By "The Lawrence" which I send you, you will see that now I am as high up as I can go in my classes, being one of the eight leading boys of the third form.

HOWARD'S diary for 1897 gives abundant evidence of his earnest thought on the questions of highest importance, as the following extracts will indicate:

November 15, 1897. *Why do we suffer?* The present American is too content to say that sickness is natural and that it is the lot of every being to suffer continually. Now my theory is that every time we do a wrong deed, whether we know that it is wrong or not, we suffer for it. For instance, I believe it is wrong to mention the word "sickness." I once read of a very sensitive man, to all kinds of diseases, who once read in the papers all the symptoms of Asiatic

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cholera, and as he found himself believing them all, he had them all. The consequence was that he died the next week from that same disease.

November 17. On this day my Greek lesson seemed exceptionally hard because to-day I was notified that I had only gotten fifty-eight in my Greek examination when the passing mark was sixty. I positively shunned the book. After reasoning with myself whether I had enough time on the next day to get my lessons I found out by great studying I might effect my purpose, but happening to look at the first lines of the advance lesson, I noticed that the words were very hard to get; but I thought that the "making of a man is not entirely the zeal which he puts into the work which he is doing, unless the direction of his zeal is placed in right channels." For instance, a poor man might work with all his energy at wood chopping, or a rich man at reading novels; but whom would these two creatures help, aside from the small circle of their families? The man from whom the poor man bought his axe, and the rich man his novels. If a man really wishes to do great things, first, he must plan what he is going to be, and exert nearly —not all—his energies in that direction, not neglecting the necessary accomplishments of the world. For should he exert all his energies in one direction, he would become narrow-minded, egotistical, self-conceited,—such a man as Mr. B., of whom you will hear later. [*Mr. B. was a teacher in France, an American.*] Mr. B. was not exactly what might be called eccentric, but he was very peculiar. He did not seem that way when one was talking to him, but when one got away from his speech he could

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scarcely get away from his influence. He would tell amazing stories (all about himself, of course) and then would show us his muscles. He took a hot bath every night and covered himself with soap. He had been the head of his class at the university, had been a woodsman, wolf tamer, snake charmer, had played on the foot-ball team at college and had done everything under the sun; but he was, nevertheless, a physical wreck. Thus it gives us a good lesson. A man who strives to be great, has conquered everything he has run across, but who has not been trained in the right channels of that prime factor in the making of a man,—*religion*,—may be merely a blade of grass in a pasture or a bull in Texas or some other insignificant creature.

November 19. *True Religion.* True religion does not consist so much in what one shows to the world but what is stored away in the depths of one's conscience. It is better to attack evil than to merely ward it off. Some people say, "This man is awfully religious," and others say, "This man lives a good life." I think the second is entitled to more credit. A murderer . . . may be very religious, saying his prayers five times a day,—he is not leading what the world calls "a good life." But a man cannot lead a good life who goes about bragging about his religion, and asking everybody he meets on the street, "Do you go to church every Sunday? I do," or "Do you say your prayers every Sunday? I do." Every really religious man cannot live without quite a lot of religion, whether he shows it, is ashamed to show it, or will not show it. If we do not attack wrong whenever it comes to us it is not because we are too weak to, but

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because we do not think it worth while. However, a very small pebble hitting the same place every time is likely to make a big hole; and drops of water of which one is hardly felt, in dropping on a man's head, if they fall continually are apt to drive him crazy. I believe in avoiding the appearance of evil. If any evil is going on let it go and don't get mixed up in it. S. Clemens (Mark Twain) tells the story of a good little boy who found a lot of bad little boys fixing a can of dynamite on a poor little dog's tail. He told them to stop it and he knelt down to untie the can from the dog's tail. At this point a policeman came along and saw him, and, thinking that the good little boy was wrong and not knowing that the can was full of dynamite, he threw his club at the boy and hit the can instead. A terrific explosion followed, blowing the policeman, the dog and the good little boy up in the air and the good little boy did not have a chance to deliver his last speech which he had already written out. The making of a man is not the zeal with which he pursues studies which he likes, but the firmness with which he encounters tasks odious to him but which he has to go through.

November 21. There are two places in the Bible,—one where the Pharisee is condemned for *professing* his faith, and another which says that another man was condemned for being *ashamed* of his religion. The first is found in Luke xviii. 12–14. I do not exactly understand these passages, but it seems to me that the difference in them is between confessing one's religion with a proud heart and with a humble heart. The right thing to do is to live up to what

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one says; but it is wrong to shout out on the housetops "I am a Christian"—and then to be base and deceitful in private.

December 10, 1897. There is no respect of persons with God. It matters not whether a man is a minister or a coal heaver, whether he will receive eternal life; but if the minister sins and the coal heaver does not sin, the coal heaver will go to heaven and the minister—? There is a French proverb "He that doeth wrong will do it again." Although I believe this proverb to be the general state of affairs, I do not believe it impossible for a sinner to turn over a new leaf and keep it spotless. In Romans i. 4,* it says Jesus determined to be the son of God with power, and I think this shows how much there is in a good resolution well kept. He determined to be just, upright and pure. God will render to every man according to his deeds. When Jesus was a boy he helped his father in a carpenter shop and we being scholars ought to do our work faithfully as he is thought to have done his. He practiced a money-earning trade because he thought it was his duty, and so we ought to do our duty in our lessons whatever the object of them. "For wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things." I once accused a fellow of using a pony in Virgil, and after a little while I found that when I got stuck I had a strong temptation to go and see what the right translation was. I yielded once to the temptation, but once was not enough. Then I reasoned, only once more won't hurt, and after a while I got dependent on the translation for

* *Howard was mistaken in his quotation.*

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my lesson and that has been one of the hardest habits to break that I have yet come across. Now the tables are turned, that fellow accuses me of using a pony.

HOWARD'S letters from his mother during 1897 were full of good counsel, adapted to the larger needs of the student. The following letter without date, but probably written soon after Howard entered Lawrenceville, shows how ready his mother was to acknowledge her own mistakes:

DEAREST SON: I erred in giving you advice about friends. The boys there are all your friends and you need not fear any of them: only "be wise as a serpent." Hold *continually* your true idea of yourself —*God's image*, and hold all the other boys in the same light. What you look for you will get. Look for kindness from all and expect it from all because you are the expression of God, not for any other reason. Read your Bible and "Science and Health" daily, and try to act at all times as though harmony and love were the only reality, *which indeed they are*. Remember your true thought gives you *dominion* over everything unlike Good.

Although Howard at this time is fifteen years of age his mother does not once relax her watchfulness but writes to him just as of old, advising him on all points and still with the tone of loving authority. These extracts which follow are from a long letter dated September 26, 1897.

DEAREST HOWARD: Tell us about foot-ball. I hope you were not elected captain, for you are too young to take charge of anything. Don't forget, dearest, that you are young,—younger than most boys in

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your class,—and to make true progress in everything and to be estimated at your true value by your schoolmates, you need to be *very retiring* and let your real merits be discovered gradually. I don't think you had better have your banjo until Christmas; then you will be more settled in your work and see what you have time for. If one tries to do too many things his end will be like the man who was allowed to put his hand in at an open window where were stored many treasures, and secure all he could in a given time. He glanced at a glittering ruby, then reached for a diamond, then some sapphires linked together caught his eye, a golden net,—alas! when his time was up, as he had not firm hold on any, he lost them all. You will be wiser, sonny, and not be too ambitious to shine, all at once.

Have you found out the C. S. boy yet? I know you are acting the wise virgin, keeping your lamp filled every day; for sometimes the darkness comes upon us suddenly and we must be prepared. I know your nature—your thought—better than you do yourself, dear, and would suggest that you try to care only what God thinks about you, and not mind what people think at all. God is the one you are working to please. You are loving and kind and would like to have *everybody* think well of you, and like you, but you must earn your own self-respect. Learn to think well of yourself, and of the real boy that dwells in the secret place of the Most High. Be what you know *you are in reality*. Make friends with any one, but let God send your friends. Please answer every question and write a little longer let-

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ters. Every little thing interests us. Lovingly your best friend, reflecting the Mother, God.

In October she writes him a letter describing the autumnal show of trees and sky, reporting events at home and giving him more advice mixed with playful scoldings. These are extracts from it:

Sunday Morning, October 17, 1897.

MY OWN DARLING BOY: The glory of the outlook from the sitting-room windows is beyond description. It is surely the "garden of the Lord." All colors of red from the deepest red to a mere rosy flush cover tree and vine. The white wax-berries and the brilliant ones of the barberry, the deep blue of the bay, the softer blue of the sky with fleecy white clouds floating in it and the distant shimmer of the mountains beyond make one feel that the mysteries of Eleusis are still with us, and that nature is a veil which faintly conceals the real, spiritual world. All things seem to glorify God, to typify Good, to express Good, and I feel as I hold you in thought in writing to you that the *grandest creation* of God is revealed in man,—in you,—that His eternal beauty, strength, intelligence and love are expressed in you.

I am always so happy to get your letters although they do not answer the questions I would so like to have a response to, but I know that as you are on the "go" for improvement you will begin to look over our letters before answering them. Corresponding is just a conversation. Suppose Mrs. L. would say to a friend,—"I am very much interested in you. Did you succeed in getting the piece of music you

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were looking for?" and her friend's reply would be, —"Apples are larger this fall than usual and I am eating so many I am getting fat." Interesting as you see, but not to the point.

"What 's going on at the dear old home?" Well, for one thing, housecleaning with a vengeance. Not a cockroach dares to peep its miserable head out of a crack below, or skurry over the newly painted floor. Every reform possible is being made below stairs and even the whole village is being taken into consideration. I hope that you have found your Bible. I am glad you are taking an interest in the Y. M. C. A., but, darling, do not speak from any other motive than the desire to help others; and you can help others most by *being* rather than talking. Read daily, my dear boy, "Science and Health" or "Miscellaneous Writings." Remember you are, or will soon be, a member of The Church of Christ, Scientist. I will send you papers to sign and please send them again to Mrs. C., for she needs to add her signature.

The application for membership in The First Church of Christ, Scientist, referred to in the letter just quoted, was accepted and he became a member of the Mother Church in June of the next year, as the following notice records:

Mr. Howard M. Longyear, Marquette, Michigan.

DEAR BROTHER: Your application to become a member of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., has been received, and you were admitted to membership with the Church in conformity with the Tenets and Rules, June 4, 1898. Yours in the bonds of Christ, WILLIAM B. JOHNSON, *Clerk.*

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The following letter written by Howard's mother October 23, 1897, shows that he had not made himself comfortable in the new environment.

DEAREST HOWARD: Just wait in patience and God will show Himself to you in the loveliest of all ways, a friend. You are liked, Howard, for everybody likes love, goodness, and joy, and you are the reflection of Love and nothing else.

I see your thought, dear. You are trying to make us proud of you by standing high in your studies, but do not do it at the expense of every-day joy. Be steady and moderate, be content to stand lower and give more time and thought to *others*. You have a right to a fulness of joy every moment of your life,—yes, it is your duty to enter into the joy of Our Lord. Now I know you will welcome these helpful words of motherly love and will act upon them.

Read your "Daily Light" when you arise. Ask God to let His Love shine through you; that you may feel an interest in, and a love for, His children. Empty your thought of self and try to live for others. When you go to breakfast, greet every one as you would wish others to greet you. Talk of others and outside things, *never* of self. Try to be jolly, frank and open. Act to please God, and do not care what you may imagine others think of you. I saw your real self, loving, cheerful and gay, on our trip to Italy and Greece. . . .

Promise yourself to read in "Miscellaneous Writings" half an hour every day, and then go out and live it. God will send you friends, dear, and will be your helper, guide and friend. Your part is to be ab-

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solutely true in *word* and deed and to look for reward in a free consciousness. Suppose you were the best scholar in the whole school, what would that bring to you? Nothing but vanity, envy and contempt.

Suppose you reflected Love every day, were honest, meek, obedient to Good, frank and happy; what will that bring? You are, darling, looking in the right direction for help and you will get it. You are naturally a most lovable boy, and if you will strangle that miserable lying, mortal claim of a creature which tries to talk lies to you, as well as to all of us, you will find your thought firmer and steadier and your life growing happy. Be ambitious to be the expression of God. Hold this thought while in chapel,—"God is all in all: then Spirit and its glorious expression fill this room." In studying,—"There is but one Mind, and I am the reflection of it. In it is no thought of fatigue or ignorance. I can never feel proud of reflecting God, but most humble to think He will shine through me."

That you do love us, dear, we both feel and we know that you are striving to do just what you think is right, but listen often to the still small voice. Ask God for friends, don't try to make any for yourself,—that is my definite idea. God is fitting you to have some lovely ones, but do not try to please others, or to win friends by brag, or show, or tricks. Don't try to lead, but be *willing to follow* and to learn games and *take instruction* cheerfully.

Write me a little loving private note, my dear, and tell me how you feel about this letter, and ask for whatever help you need. You have a right to every-

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thing you desire that is just, and you should have it. Answer me frankly about your organ, Howard. I do not understand your silence. I would give up some of my other studies to take it. That little sentence error is trying to write, that it hopes for relief from this school, is met with an emphatic denial, "There is no place where God is not. He is the one Mind and there is no mind to be fatigued."

The grand art of living is to have each day a little eternity just full of *good*. God (or duty) does not require us to do more than we can thoroughly enjoy doing. Now try, dear, to put self out,—self-will, self-love, self-justification. Just give up and let Love rule. I know so well, my dear, my mental struggles, that I can appreciate yours and perhaps help you out.

How I wish you were to be with us Thanksgiving! Wherever you are, try to make some one happy, and you will have a jolly day. How much better it is to find out some intrinsic worth in a person, than to have it flaunted in one's face.

Send me a soul-cheering letter. Won't we have a jolly time Christmas! I try to live only in the now, but I find that I am anticipating a lot of fun. If you will send the first three pages of this letter to A., after assimilating the love thoughts therein, I will thank you. Please tell me frankly if you like to have me write thus helpfully. If you don't I won't write so any more. Do show love and interest in the children, dear; they would be so happy to hear from you directly.

Rest in this thought, dear, "My mother loves and understands me."

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Begin the change by dating your letter. I did not do so the other day, and as it was a business letter, I received notice of it. I felt humiliated, but "the trier wears the crown," and God will give it. Lovingly, your own MAMMA.

Howard received the following from his mother, dated November 7, 1897:

MY DARLING BOY: I sit down with your letter before me to see if there are any questions you wish answered and to give you the feeling that I am continuing your conversation, and that I am really deeply interested in what you are writing about. Many congratulations for being on the honor roll. I know that means hard, honest study. If you can keep thoroughly happy, natural and loving, while you are doing good work, you can be sure divine Love, and not self-will, is leading you.

I am glad that you are getting interested in Forestry. I saw in the paper the other day that Wisconsin had taken it up. Papa and I are glad enough that you didn't go into foot-ball. It is all for the best. Don't I revel in the thought of my home gathering at Christmas!

I sometimes feel sorry that you are not of a more social nature, dear,—that you see so little around you to enjoy; but I know that everything will come all right in time. You would rather be alone than associate with impure or profane boys, and I respect you for it. If you would forget yourself, your mortal claim of self, and let the real, natural boy appear, you would find many congenial friends. I would rather have you make too few than too many. You are my heart's delight, anyway, and as I know whose

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boy you really are, and what your motives and desires are, I know you ought to be and will be happy every minute. We all have many weeds in our nature to overcome and root out. Look out for the good. Strive to find God in every one, and just be your natural self and God will show Himself to you in His other children. Lovingly, your own MAMMA.

A week later, November 15, 1897, his mother writes from Chicago: "Abide in Truth, dear one, and you, as the reflection of God, will have dominion over all the world. What papa meant to say was, that you should not use *will power*, and study with the motive of beating others. Reflecting the one Intelligence and studying to show forth the one Mind is all right and will never tire you."

Reproof was sometimes needed, and if so, was forthcoming in bare and unmistakable words, of which the following is an example:

December 3, 1897.

MY DEAREST HOWARD: The air is full of Christmas cheer and everything is humming with joy. Jack has been doing up his bundles, and he says he feels that Christmas is here now. Your letter about your Christmas presents received; its wording, I know, did not convey your meaning. I am sorry that you saw fit to deliberately disobey me in regard to the photos. I expect *obedience* and shall always expect it from you. It is God's law and no one ever gets too old to obey. I do not give many commands, but to those I do give I expect to have entire trustful obedience. Now, dear boy, you who are striving to put down all claims of error, read these references care-

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fully, and make them your own: Col. iii. 20; Eph. vi. 2 and 3; Lev. xix. 3; Prov. xv. 20.

If we allow you to stop in Chicago one day, it is on condition that you go the first thing in the morning and have your photos taken. *Send your account* (this is a *command*) in your next letter, of the twenty-five dollars the bursar gave you to go to Philadelphia. Remember, dear boy, that was not your money, but papa's. You forgot to say that you received the money papa sent. Your happiness at home depends largely upon the spirit of love and unselfishness you bring with you.

You do not like to be *corrected*,—then do not put yourself in the way of correction. Try to please others and to conform in every way to the rules of the house. You are the oldest boy and will set the example. If you will be my aide-de-camp and help the boys to "work off steam" out doors,—will give willing and quick obedience to the mother who is, by the grace of God, Queen of the household,—the rebellious words, "not on your life," will not be heard. There must be a ruling power; that will be Love. Don't allow error to dispute or argue. Let perfect peace reign. We are planning for a lovely time.

I am led to write this from the tone of your last "*Barnardy*" letter. "*I*, the *great*, *the wise*. *I* know best. *Who are you* to presume to *teach me?*" None of that, if you please. A mother is entitled to all obedience and reverent love. I was glad to have you choose for yourself, but I look for a different tone from the son I bore, nurtured and raised to obey the command of Love. You are the dearest and most

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lovable boy in the world and the bear skin must come off. Now, my darling, if you will let my words sink deep into your heart you will get no rebuffs or rebukes. In love, MAMMA.

ON the fly-leaf of his diary for 1898 Howard wrote these lines:

Good thoughts are better than common deeds,
Good thoughts are what one mostly needs.
I'll write my deeds and thoughts as well,
For in a world of thought I dwell.

In one of his books which he used for figures and rough notes, the above verse was found in the following rudimentary stages:

Thoughts are almost always better than deeds.

Thoughts are always better than deeds
And thoughts are what one always needs.

Good thoughts are better than common deeds,
And these are what one mostly needs.
So write the deeds and thoughts as well,
For in the land of thoughts we dwell.

Howard's diary for 1898 was the most voluminous of all his note-books. The original book was much too small, and for many of the days he added from five to ten extra sheets of thin paper closely filled with writing, on both sides of each sheet. The book is also profusely illustrated with pen drawings, maps, diagrams and curious red and black pictures which he loved to make. His notes tell all about each day's work and play; his reading and his thoughts. He made a record of everything: his examination marks, the money he spent, his golf scores, the changes in the weather, what he saw, heard and

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said. Out of his great abundance of notes, only a few are selected, and they are mainly of a character that will show Howard's attitude toward the supremely important interests in life. The notes are as follows:

January 6, 1898. Order and cleanliness are the habits which I am trying to acquire, and gluttony and exaggeration are the ones I am trying daily to overcome.

January 9. My creed differs from theirs because I believe that God is all, and error an illusion. Henceforth I am going to let people see what kind of a fellow I am and not bawl it out in meetings. A man does not gain anything by covering his sins with a cloak. The only way to repent of sins is to destroy them. "*Verbum sat sapienti.*" On the first of January, 1898, I did not make any resolutions as so many did, but in the same town where I was there was a fine girl in whose eyes I was desirous of appearing faultless. I had learned in reading "Science and Health," by Mary Baker G. Eddy, that deception before marriage is the greatest generator of trouble after marriage, and holding that in mind I said to myself, "I wonder if I have any faults to overcome or virtues to acquire." Before meeting this girl I had made the great mistake of believing myself faultless, but I found out that I was not faultless enough to have enemies. That day when I saw a few other persons talking with this girl, I became aware of quite a number of faults: one of them was exaggeration, another uncleanliness, and when I took her into supper I discovered that I had a terrible appetite which is called gluttony: and after the ball when I entered

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my room, I found it all topsy-turvy; and then I thought "What if she should come in here!" I am now earnestly striving and working to become fit to appear well in her eyes and in the eyes of other people. "To build aright, we must first tear down." "Science and Health," page 97. When a man starts to reform he must not be surprised if he finds that when he first starts the reform he is seemingly worse off than before. An unsafe elevator is worse than none at all. A man does not truly reform if he only adds better things to his character and does not banish those things which are sinful or untrue. A shanty cannot be made into a palace by only covering it with marble slabs and gold, and putting beautiful furniture inside of it. It is still a shanty. Thus with a man's character. He must expel material thoughts, habits and deeds and fill his mind with spiritual things. I am a Christian Scientist but I like to hear the thoughts of Presbyterian boys and of other creeds. During my first half year at Lawrenceville I attended the Y. M. C. A. there and got great pleasure in listening to the thoughts of other boys in respect to religion; but I never spoke, because I thought that if I spoke my thoughts and said, "In Truth there is no evil: evil is but an illusion," they might not like it, thinking I was trying to convert them. If my life from the beginning had been destined to be that of a reformer, to-night would have been my chance, for the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. asked me to lead the class meeting, at which about fifteen of the most religious fellows of the class of 1899 would be present. But I believe in leading a strictly upright life and in giv-

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ing a good example, expecting others to follow it. Abstaining from the devil profits not if we turn not to Christ. Luke vi. 12; Matt. xxviii. 18. One of the greatest mistakes, it seems to me, is to teach religion by telling the pupils to abstain from fornication, uncleanness, deceit, drunkenness, and so on; and never telling them what to do. If the temperance associations were done away with, it is my opinion that there would be fewer drunkards. In . . ., in the year 1868, was started a temperance club which broke up one night in the midst of their speeches when the president of the association was brought in drunk. At the next meeting, he, as an apology, said, that as he had his mind constantly dwelling on drunkenness he thought that to drink must be a very pleasant sensation, seeing that so many were drawn away by it, and that the more he tried to keep his body in subjection, the more he felt that he wished to experience the sensation of being drunk. So, hardly knowing what he was doing, he went into a small saloon, and drank until he fell asleep. Then his friends came and carried him into the meeting. My mother, who frequently went to those meetings for the purpose of hearing the fellows speak, says, that they all turned out hopeless drunkards but one.

January 17. The days are progressing as fast as ever, but each day brings its possibilities. I think there are two things that make a good character: first to have a younger brother who copies your virtues and defects, and secondly a girl.

January 20. Perfection in all things is very difficult to obtain, and most persons are used up in securing

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it. Benjamin Franklin's story of the speckled axe shows this clearly. A farmer, not content with having only the point of his axe sharp, wanted to have all the rest bright like the point, so he took it to a blacksmith, who said he would brighten the axe if the farmer would turn the grindstone. The farmer was so tired after a while that he said "he liked a speckled axe."

January 22. Every bad trait of character that is not mastered on its first appearance will become "pricks in your eyes, and thorns in your sides, and shall vex you in the land wherein ye dwell," Numbers xxxiii. 55. Therefore drive out all evil so that only good shall remain. "For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." I have often pondered over this saying: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Either the persons like Anthony Comstock, missionaries and others, do not have God's sanction for their work, or those who oppose them are only shadows that disappear when seen in a strong light.

Reformer's Mistakes. One of the greatest mistakes that would-be reformers like Anthony Comstock make, is to say, "Thou shalt not!" If Anthony Comstock says such and such a book is not to be read, everybody would read it that could lay hands on it. The best way is to go and recommend some good book. If all the four hundred of New York society instead of saying that such and such a theatre is a terrible place to go to, would say: "Such and such a theatre is fine; I wish you would go to it,"—the standard of New York operas would be elevated.

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"If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." I understand this text to mean if any man wastes his substance in riotous living God will not renew it for him. Therefore keep yourself holy and do not pollute the temple of God by being immoral, dishonest, deceitful or impure. "The character of a man's mother can be told by the man himself." To choose a wife look for her character. "Science and Health," page 132, line 12.

February 12, 1898. The Book of Revelation possesses a charm for me, partly on account of the mysteries there involved, and partly on account of the great promises given to those who do no wrong. [*Those passages in Revelation concerning "overcoming" are underscored in Howard's Bible.*] One of the greatest mistakes that old persons make is looking upon death as the door to heaven. Death, as the Bible declares, I Cor. xv. 26, is an enemy to be "destroyed," because death "cometh not without sin," and if we could once conquer the desire to sin, we should not die. "The wages of sin is death." "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." Most people of the nineteenth century believe that changes of the weather, food or moisture bring about sickness; and sickness, death; but if they trace their sinful deeds and thoughts back they will see the cause, which is mental, not physical. The only way to repent for disobedience to God's law, is to suffer for sin thus brought into the world. Obedience is better than a thousand sacrifices. "How difficult it is to save the bark of reputation from the rocks of ignorance." [*Petrarch.*] This all depends on the good or

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bad nature of the crew whose name is Character, and on the captain whose semblance we are. The very best steering is required. The waves are the world.

February 13. In the night B. asked me my religion, and thank God that strength was given to me to acknowledge Christ!

February 19. II Chronicles xvi. 12: "Yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians." This verse shows more clearly than any other that I have yet seen in the Bible, the fallacy of depending on physicians. Some people are apt to say: "The Lord does not heal now as He used to"; but they are in the wrong, because Christian Scientists have proved that disease is nothing,—only the absence of perfect health. Disease is darkness, health is light. If a person is all in darkness, it is not so terrifying as when there is a very little light, because in perfect darkness nothing can be seen, while in a very dim light objects present a much more terrifying aspect; but as the light grows stronger the uncertainty concerning the object passes away, and when once in this state of perfection nothing is terrifying or hideous. It is truly the millennium of the Lord.

March 20, 1898. The cure of the physical does not help the mental, but the cure of the mental helps the physical. Read in the night James i. 12 and I had a new thought. It is better for the soul to endure temptation than to flee from it, because no man is tempted more than he can endure.

March 30. *Evil effects of thought.* Most people are hypnotists without knowing it. They say in their minds, "Don't do such a thing or you'll get such a thing" and it nearly always turns out so. Persons

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also hypnotize themselves in the same manner. Doctors only look on one side of the case, i.e. the physical. Now the Christian Scientists are studying the mental side of the case and find that when the mental side is cured the physical is also. Therefore it is the mind that ought to be guarded more than the body. Whoever wishes to live must try to conquer.

May 15, 1898. To learn the faults in one's own character, learn from all the disagreeable traits in everybody else's character. One day this spring Pop Stevens came into my room and asked me a question. By force of habit I happened to say, "What?" "Do you notice you always say, 'What?' to all questions asked you?" Again I said, "What?" by force of habit, and saw what a serious habit it was. I then resolved to correct that habit, but found it an awfully tenacious habit, as I could never catch myself in the act of saying it, since it came off my lips as unconsciously as breathing. I find that these unconscious habits are a hundred times worse than conscious habits. For instance, the habit of expectorating saliva from the mouth. One night while carefully reviewing my character, I found that this habit had grown upon me since I came to Lawrenceville. Well! I checked that habit inside of two weeks. One of my worst habits is making the person to whom I am talking feel uncomfortable. I hardly ever say things about a person to his face with evil intent, but sort of jokingly. The best way to reform one's own life is to go into new places with none of the old obstacles hindering him.—To better illustrate this motto, I will relate an account of my life. When I was in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1893, I

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was a perfect terror. I took doors off their hinges, took jewels out of watches and could never stay still without doing something. I think that this was partly due to the opinion others held of me. . . . I see clearly now my aunt tried to do the best she could, but as soon as she was out . . . the restless activity of my system always set me to doing something, whether it was counting the number of figures in the carpet or playing with match boxes or calculating some astronomical problem. In 1895 I went to France and there I learned to behave myself better than before, being put among strange people, and when the people there came to know me, held my deeds in a little bit higher esteem than —— had done. I went to Lisieux, in Normandy, and there I created a very favorable impression on persons by my studious activities. Then in 1896 when I went to Germany, I was about as good as they make them; but in 1898 I went back to [*Cleveland*] for a week and found that —— thought I was the same old terror that I had been four years before. This opinion in which she held me, almost succeeded in destroying the character that foreign agencies had been building up for two or three years; but one thing saved me: I have a friend, whom I notified of, or who noticed through my letters, my change of character; and the high esteem in which I held him, served to help me preserve my good name. I did not realize how critical a struggle this was while I was going through it, but now I see how great it was, and shall always be thankful to H. W., who saved from falling, inside of a week, the character which was two years in building up.

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June 4, 1898. This is the first time this year that I have not felt like studying. I must write to mamma telling her not to worry about my studies, because I think that her worrying is the main cause of my disinclination.

July 20, 1898. I hate immorality in all forms, be it in boys or girls, but I like a person who has some real "fun" in his or her character.

July 28. Really I don't believe that I do love as much as some people. My love consists in searching out all the good points in a girl that I can, and I love the girl with the most good qualities. Purity comes at the head of the list. Character and thought come next, and looks last. I think that purity is one of the most desirable qualities in any person.

October 30, 1898. "Help Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men." "They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, not one." "They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good." "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?" "Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry, give ear unto my prayer that goeth not out of feigned lips." "Why standest thou afar off, O Lord? why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?" The above sentiments from the Psalms of David appeal very strongly to me for several reasons.

Fool that I was and should be still,
Had not kind Providence with favoring will
Placed in me the power divine
To always worship at her shrine.

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"Always worship? Always pray?
On the knees?" I answer, "Nay!"
Make every thought a living prayer
And you can worship everywhere.

Nimium Fortunatus [Howard's *nom de plume*].

[*Not dated; probably November* 20, 1898.] Romans i. 8: "Your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world." Christian Science is getting to be largely talked about in all circles and pretty soon every one will be interested in it. Romans i. 17: "The just shall live by faith." If God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteous courses, all sickness, disease, etc., comes from some sin. Persons in the nineteenth century are apt to say, "Well, everybody is learning that now"; but they do not understand that if they are stricken with some disease it is because they have sinned. When a person is young it is apt to be the fears of his mother which are reflected on him, but when he gets beyond fifteen or sixteen it is his own sin which gives him colds, etc. By sin, I mean even evil thoughts, fears, and some things which would not regularly be called sin, but which are nevertheless.

[*Not dated; probably November* 22.] *How to choose a wife.* The choosing of a wife depends upon the station in life of a man who is to choose her. If a man intends to be a capitalist, he ought to choose a beautiful wife; one accomplished in all the fine arts, who knows how to lead balls, in short everything that is needed to make a society belle. But if a man's father has spent all his money on that man's education so that the man comes into the world

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without money,—that main factor of success to get which he must strive twenty years,—he should marry a lively, pure, New England girl skilled in the arts of cooking, gardening and housekeeping. Then he should buy a small cottage out in the West somewhere with his wife to take care of it, while he goes to business to make his fortune, while his wife keeps house, tends the garden, and has a good meal put out for him when he comes home. Phœbe, described in the "House of the Seven Gables," was such a girl. I do not doubt but there are many such girls living in New England to-day or in Michigan even. Even though the heart of youth yields to the charms of a dashing, pretty and accomplished young lady, he should never think of taking her for his wife unless he has money enough to keep him for the rest of his life in clover. He should love the self-possessed New England maid who knows how to cook and tend the garden. She should be full of fun, active, not too fat, not necessarily pretty, but such a one as is likely to make the most useful wife that any man could have.

[*Not dated; probably November* 27.] If a man once loses his reputation in a certain town, he is never likely to regain it again in that place; but if he goes to some other place he is more likely to regain it again even if the people have heard something of his former vicissitudes. The man who has lost his character in the eyes of the people, is like a man who has fallen off some steep cliff. He can never climb up again in the same place where he had fallen down, but by trying various places on both sides of him, there is likely to be a crevice where he can climb up.

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IN 1898, while at school, Howard wrote to his parents frequently; seldom less than once a week. Portions of some of these letters are here given:

March 6, 1898. I have just come back from hearing a most villainous attack on Christian Science by a preacher here at Lawrenceville. It was very evident that he knew nothing at all about Christian Science; but he ought not to have talked about it in that manner, anyway. Please write and tell me what to do about it; because I don't want to listen to things which I know are false, in a house where the preachers are expected to know something. [*Howard called upon Dr. M., the head of the school, and entered a protest against allowing any religion to be talked against in the pulpit, and Dr. M. promised that it should not happen again.*]

March 27. The teachers in this house have gotten so tired about keeping the boys down by force, that at last they have given up and had to place us on our honor, and now the house is fifty per cent quieter than it used to be. As a persuader to this new surprising state of affairs, they have given us liberties in lots of things and have taken off one half of our marks altogether.

April 24, 1898. The time seems to be going very rapidly now, but I hope that summer won't come too quick for you to buy me a canoe and a 38 revolver for use in the woods, because ever since I have been in the woods, and when I saw those bear tracks on the trail between 9 and 10, 15 and 16, T. 51 N. R. 28 W. I have often wanted some defense besides my axe.

May 1, 1898. Please tell me in your next letter

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whether I can have a canoe and a 44 revolver or a 45–50 rifle. I think that I am getting almost old enough to use one now. Have you got the field notes for the Huron Mountain, So-sa-wa-ga-ming, and Sauk's Head clubs yet? Please send me that map of the Huron Mountain S. & F. C. as soon as it is printed; for I am anxious to see what kind of a map it is. I should think that in the map of the So-sa-wa-ga-ming lands, you would include the East part of 51–28, so that both clubs would have the benefit of the Salmon Trout River. For instance, have the map go as far North as the end of Salmon Trout Point, leaving out S. 30 51–27, and as far West as Oscar's homestead, thus including the dam and falls on Salmon Trout River; and let both clubs have the benefit of the fine fishing there. Also tell Mr. A. that there are three fine little lakes about two and a half to three miles S. S. W. of Sauk's Head, and that there is probably good fishing in them. On your map of the So-sa-wa-ga-ming lands don't forget that there is a wagon road from Burns' Landing to the N. W. end of lake. I know that the road is there because H. and myself went along it. There is another nice pond W. of Lake Independence: it is either in the S. E. corner of 8, 7, 17 or 18, but I am inclined to think that it is in S. 8. I think that there is a spring somewhere along the shore of Little Ives' Lake, because the large amount of water which flows out of it at both ends, into both the Salmon Trout River and Ives' Lake, could have its source in no other way. Are the mosquitoes thick in the swamp back of the So-sa-wa-ga-ming? If they are, what are you going to do about it? Please write

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me a long letter about the club and send maps.
May 22. The woods are fine now,—

> "*Every clod feels a stir of might,*
> *An instinct within it that reaches and towers,*
> *And, groping blindly above it for light,*
> *Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.*"

June 26, 1898. I would like very much to be as "busy" as you are. I am now "working" like a steam engine, but all my work is done sitting still and in the same place. We drew lots for our rooms in the Upper House yesterday and I got the best room. I hope our camping trip to the Pictured Rocks comes off all right: I have always wanted to go up there again ever since I explored those caves near Miner's Castle. I expect to have some fun with Ajax this summer if he is as playful as he always was. Last Thursday I was called up on the platform in the auditorium at the school, and was given my "First Testimonial."
December 11, 1898. I think that last summer was the most pleasant one that I have ever had. I attribute that fact partly to my canoe, partly to my camping and partly to my unrestricted freedom in the woods. The only thing that I would like for a Christmas present is a good compass. It is true that I cannot use it until summer, but as I now have everything that I want, I shall not need anything else while I am in school.

HOWARD'S father and mother both wrote to him regularly and frequently. The following are a few letters, and extracts from letters, from his father during 1898:

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February 13, 1898.

DEAR HOWARD: We have not heard from you this week. If you have so much spare time as you say you have, you should not fail to use part of it writing to us at least once a week. Perhaps you have done so and the letter has gone astray.

A. has sent me the letter you wrote to her about ——. The good name of a girl or woman is a very sacred thing. A good name is easily ruined, and once injured, is almost beyond repair. So such things should be treated with extreme caution and delicacy. Of course, if you see or hear anything against the character of an associate of any of your family, it is your duty to heed it sufficiently to satisfy yourself whether there are grounds for the allegations, and if there are grounds, take such cautious steps as the case may seem to require. In such a case as the one under consideration, you should have spoken to mamma or to me.

It is a common thing among boys and men of a certain class to say things about girls or women which they would not dare say to the victims themselves, or to their friends. Sometimes such things are said in a low spirit of revenge for slights, fancied or real: sometimes they are inspired by a malicious desire to do a cowardly injury to some one the maligner could not hope to count as a friend. Sometimes a low idea that it enhances his importance to seem to know something about the maligned one that his hearers do not know, and are not likely to be able to prove the truth of, causes him to make remarks and insinuations which may do untold damage to an entirely innocent person.

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I do not know that any of these remarks are applicable to this case, but I mention them that you may see how easy it is to start an evil report and how helpless the victim may be. It is an excellent rule to refrain from discussing or talking about girls, especially when the talk is derogatory. Your own good judgment should tell you when such talk is of a character to entitle it to your attention, which would only be when the subject is a friend of yours, or of your family, and then your attention should be directed to ascertaining if there are just grounds for criticism, or to resent any statements your judgment declares against. Shun anything of the kind which has the character of mere gossip. It is so unfair to say things about people which they have no opportunity to reply to, or defend themselves against. Lovingly, FATHER.

March 6, 1898.

DEAR HOWARD: We had a letter from you this week and also received your standing for the first semester. It was on a sheet of paper labelled "First Testimonial." The standings seem to be good and some of them high.

You seem to have misunderstood our idea about your studying hard. You should do your best always, and not undertake more than you can do your best work at. We did not want you to work to be at the head of your class just for the glory of it, or as a matter of personal vanity. If you can stand at the head, without sacrificing other equally important things, we should be glad to have you do so. I do not deem it essential that you should stand at the head, or even very near it, if you thoroughly un-

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derstand what you study, but you should do work which you feel is your best, without setting a pace you cannot maintain by your best, steady work. Your work should be such as insures your own self-respect and if you do the work that you feel is good work, and such as is worthy of you, the results will fully satisfy us. I think that mamma wrote you some time ago directing your attention to the *motives* that seemed to be influencing your work.

You can probably do with ease as good work as any one does in the school. If you find you can do so with perfect justice to yourself in all ways, and with perfect fairness to your development in all ways, you should do it. Don't do it for the mere vanity of being at the head, but do it for the sake of bringing out the best there is in you. Your loving FATHER.

May 1, 1898.

MY DEAR HOWARD: When you were about to go to Cleveland you wrote us that you would telegraph us when you arrived, but you did not do it and we heard nothing from you for two weeks or more. The greatest fault was your neglecting to keep your promise. When you make a promise you should be very particular to keep it. Failure in this respect soon makes a reputation for unreliability which will injure you in many ways. If a man has a reputation for making promises which he does not keep the best class of people will have nothing to do with him. I refer to it now so that you may begin to cultivate the habit of doing whatever you promise to do. Be careful what you promise, but regard a promise once made as sacred. Lovingly, FATHER.

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THE first half of 1899, Howard passed in Lawrenceville. The following extracts from his letters to his parents during that time show him to be deeply interested in his work:

January 29, 1899. I find that after all it is a good thing not to worry about the morrow. Last Wednesday I had a lot of work to do Thursday. I had to write an essay, learn an oration by heart and get material for a debate. I naturally began to worry; but stopped very soon and went to bed at eight o'clock Wednesday night. The next morning, I learned that Thursday was a holiday.

March 8, 1899. I have spent nearly six hours this week learning the logarithms from 1 to 100. . . . There is a man in town from whom I am taking "memory lessons" and by this system I have been enabled to learn one hundred and twenty-three logarithms in six hours. One hundred of these logarithms are above one thousand, and twenty-three are above one hundred thousand. By this I will be enabled, from the top of two mountains, to find the distance of a third mountain; to tell the distance across a lake from one shore and to tell the distance of a ship from another ship; to tell the height of a mountain from the base of it, and do other things of great use in my surveying work.

March 12. I have learned a few more logarithms which will enable me to measure the height of mountains and determine contour lines without a surveying machine, which I thought some of making. It enables me to tell the distance of any mountain from two other mountains about which I know; and many other things of inestimable value to a

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surveyor. I expect to survey 50–30 or Isle Royale next summer. I will buy my camp goods out of my own allowance.

April 9, 1899. I am doing a little better in my German, now, and think that I shall be able to pass the college exams all right. I am sure of passing in French, Plane Geometry, Adv. Algebra, Solid Geometry and Plane Trigonometry; because I am the best in the class in the first five subjects and second in German, although the marks don't show it.

May 21, 1899. Commencement begins on the nineteenth of June and ends the twenty-first. You will have rooms in Mr. Hull's house during commencement.

Toward the end of his senior year at Lawrenceville, Howard's letters to his parents were filled with information about his studies, his essays, etc., and suggestions for a camping trip he and his father were planning to take together. It was a time of excitement in the school with all the preparation for the literary and social functions attending commencement. He did not find such things just to his taste, as the following from one of his letters suggests: "I have found out lately that I don't like debates, because the works of the flesh are made manifest, which are these: *variance*, *strife*, *wrath*, *seditions*, etc."

Howard graduated in June, 1899, with "Honorable Mention" for "Head of the School"; he and a classmate sharing the honor equally.

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V. INKLINGS OF HOWARD'S LIFE IN THE WOODS AS DISCLOSED IN HIS NOTES OF WALKING AND CANOEING TRIPS

Whoso walks in solitude
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock and bird,
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass,
From these companions, power and grace.
Clean shall he be, without, within,
From the old adhering sin.—EMERSON.

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V. INKLINGS OF HOWARD'S LIFE IN THE WOODS AS DISCLOSED IN HIS NOTES OF WALKING AND CANOEING TRIPS

TO this young forester, the woods were a fairy-land, where cares dissolve and dreams come true. Plunging into the wilderness, the poetic sense awakened in him. He roamed the dim arcades, his heart swelling with joy; and, wrapping himself closely in Nature as in a cloak, he was brother to cricket and bird and tree. To everything expressing Life he found himself akin.

The country back from the shores of Lake Superior on the upper Peninsula of Michigan, which was the scene of most of Howard's wanderings, but for the absence of warlike Indians, is almost as wild as it was centuries ago. Indeed a few of Nature's red children, as Thoreau tenderly called them, still linger in the land of their fathers, and eke out a living by hunting, trapping and fishing, and serving as guides to sportsmen. These forest lands are still the range of deer, the hiding-place of bear and fox, the home of the porcupine and the covert of wild birds. In winter the wolves leave their dens in the remote and secret places among the hills and prey upon the deer, sometimes even prowling near the cabins of the "homesteaders."

All the country round about Lake Superior is touched with romance. This was part of the mission field of the adventurous French priests of the seventeenth century, who made converts of the Indians and in their spare time explored and mapped the country. Père Marquette passed along this shore of Lake Superior in 1668 on his way from Sault

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Sainte Marie to La Pointe; and though the county which embraces most of the wilderness trodden by Howard, is called Marquette, there is no record to show that the brave Père stopped anywhere thereabouts. A cross, cut into the rocks on the summit of one of the turrets of "Miner's Castle," at the Pictured Rocks, is evidently very old, and it is called "Père Marquette's cross." Tradition says that he cut it and dug a little hole beside it, in which water collects in wet weather. The hole is called "Père Marquette's Holy Well," and it is said he blessed it, so that for evermore all water found in it should be holy. This water is held in great reverence by the Catholic Indians and French-Canadians. In these romantic wilds, Howard spent nearly all of his summers: in his later years only missing the one summer while in France, when, true to his love for Nature, he found a place to live on the edge of a forest, and spent his vacation there, hiding himself every afternoon in the remotest part of the woods.

Howard was hardly ever seen carrying rod or gun; for he took no pleasure in killing. He usually went forth unarmed, simply as an observing friend of all the wild tribes. Though he went alone on most of his trips, Howard was always glad to take any one along who genuinely cared for the woods; and so he often had schoolmates visit him for a week or a month at a time, in vacation. Whenever he had a companion who was new to the region, he would take the keenest delight in showing him the wonders of the forest, introducing him to hills, lakes, rivers and caves, as long as his visitor cared to endure the vigorous walking, rough climbing and hard paddling.

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THE SO-SA-WA-GA-MING CLUB

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Howard was not satisfied to merely know the woods casually: he wished to be intimately acquainted with every square yard of the ground; almost to know the age and identity of every tree. He had hardly more than learned to write before he began to make notes about the woods and draw maps of them.

During the summer, Howard had three habitations in the forest, to which he could go. The Huron Mountain Shooting and Fishing Club, at the mouth of Pine River, forty odd miles west of Marquette, was a favorite place of resort for him. There he was on the verge of the wildest part of the peninsula. The So-sa-wa-ga-ming (Yellow Dog) Club, fifteen miles nearer Marquette, was another shelter. Near the Huron Mountain Club, some distance inland, is his father's hay farm on the shore of Ives' Lake, which was the third lodging-place. The man in charge of the farm was an old woodsman, who often entertained Howard by the hour with stories of his experiences.

The boy was always on the move. He made a practice of rising early every morning and would put in his whole day exploring the woods; not occasionally, but day after day, as long as he remained. The following portion of a letter he wrote while in Cleveland, shows that even thus early he had not only begun to thirst for exploration, but was already well acquainted with the woods.

May 21, 1893.

DEAR MAMMA: I expect a map of the Huron Mountain Hunting and Fishing Club. I have heard that Mt. Huron is 1500 feet high. Rush Lake

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is shaped something like this [*Here he drew a diagram*], and there is a small lake south of it which I intend to explore. In 23 days more I expect to be at the World's Fair and two weeks from then at the new house or Pine River Club House. There is a lake at the Pine River Club named Howe Lake. It has no visible outlet and I suppose it has an underground outlet if there is any.

Howard, a few months later,—then being only eleven years old,—wrote a description of the country lying about the Huron Mountain Club, which contained nearly three thousand words, and yet he closely confined himself to describing the things he saw and had become familiar with. The description in part, given *verbatim et literatim*, is as follows:

A Week at the Club. On the 8th. of July 1893 I went up to the pine river club House. It is situated on lake superior 44 miles from Marquette and At the mouth of the river there is a bathouse and every other day we swim in the lake which is cold and then jump into the river is warm compared with the lake but cold compared with a swimming tank. There are seventeen lakes and ponds Howe, Rush, Pine, cliff mountain, Trout, Ives, S Mountain, west conway, conway, Ashby, North salmon trout, Pony, South Salmon trout, Portage, Independence and Superior. There are seven rivers Huron, Little Huron, Pine, Little pine, Howe, salmon trout, and Yellow dog Rivers. The nearest town is Skanee 20 miles away in Huron Bay. All the land between Pine Lake and Lake Superior was once covered by the lake but the soo Has low-

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ered the Lake 10 or 14 feet so that it is all sandy soil.

Pine lake is about half a mile from the club house and is about three miles long. It is divided into three lakes. The first lake is about a mile long and a mile wide. The path from Rush lake leads off of it about at its western end and is about a mile long the trail to mountain lake leads off the southern shore of it and the trail from the club house comes in at its northern end. At the south eastern corner it is about 20 yards wide and it opens out into another lake about half a mile wide and a mile and a half long.

The trail to Trout lake opens off this at its south western extreme, and is about 3 miles long at the eastern end it is about 8 feet wide and opens into a smaller lake about a quarter of a mile wide and a half a mile long. On the southern shore of this lake solid rock which slopes down at an angle of 45°, This is called Dogslide Hill. At the eastern part a trail starts which is ½ mile long. The first part of this path is through a forest swamp and the last part is a steep path cut through a rock this rock opens out into Ives lake. This lake is about 2 miles long and 2 miles wide it has an Island at the eastern part which is 300 yards in circumference and is barren.

In the north eastern end of Ives lake there is a pebbly beach and in the river that runs off it there are frogs in abundance about 300 feet down the river there are rapids about 100 feet high then there is a long log shoot which is about ⅛ of a mile long and is very old. After the river overcomes all these

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changes it settles down peace fully and flows into Pine Lake. The river which flows from pine lake to Lake Superior is about a mile long and is the shape of a inverted C one of the ends being at pine lake and the other at the mouth of the river.

The club house is situated on a neck of land which, with the river on one side and the lake on the other is about three quarters of a mile long.

. . . . . .

Rush lake is crescent shaped and "there is a bay at the *eastern* end that extends *westward*" on the southern part of this bay there is an Ice cold spring which furnishes water for picnics or porcupine hunts. The northern part of the bay abounds in such animals.

Pony lake a little lake about an eighth of a mile wide and an eighth of a mile long is about an "eighth" from the end of Rush lake bay.

Mountain lake is a lake about 3 miles long and varies from a mile to a quarter of a mile in width At about the middle of this lake on the eastern side there is a small island 16 feet wide and 20 feet long it is rocky and has three or four small trees on it. At the southern end of this lake a small river flows into it from Cliff lake. This is a small lake which is half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide is surrounded on all sides by nearly perpendicular cliffs.

Howe lake is about three miles north of the western part of rush lake It is about one mile long and three quarters of a mile wide. It has no outlet but a small stream dribbles thro' the sand in the summer.

Trout is half a mile by ¾ miles It is called trout

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lake because not a trout has been caught there that weighs less than 4 lbs. It is about two miles from the island in Mt. lake and two miles west from the island in Ives lake.

West Ives lake is about half a mile wide and a mile and a half long. It, however is not very much account because it is in a big swamp which comes from the overflow of Ives lake.

Conway lake is about four miles N. E. by E. from the club House. It is about one quarter of a mile from the Lake (Superior) and is inland and has no outlet. It is of the same dimensions as West Ives and there is a long sandy strip on the N. E. end of the lake which extends to the lake and on it are some indian houses.

West Conway lake is a small lake in the midst of a cranberry marsh which abounds in duck grouse and deer. It yields 40 bushels of cranberrys yearly.

N. and S. Salmon trout are each of them about half as small as West Conway are about half a mile apart and the salmon trout river flows between them and they are in a swamp. They are about four miles S. by E. from conway lake.

Lake Independence is a lake about four miles long and three miles wide. The Yellow Dog river flows into it in the S. E. corner and flows out of it at the N. E. corner into Lake Superior. The northern shore is about half a mile from the Lake.

The river from Rush to Pine lake is not a navigable stream but follows along the trail. The rivers from pine to Mountain Trout and Ives Lakes follow along the trails and are not navigable. Pine river is navigable to the falls at Pine lake. The Huron.

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Yellow Dog and The salmon Trout are all navigable for quite a way.

The Yellow dog river (or Iron as it is sometimes called) is navigable for the longest distance up stream. Huron next and Salmon trout last

My Father is the president of the club and it is limited to 100 members and is called "The Huron Mountain Shooting and fishing club." In the summer a member or friend of a member comes to the club for fishing.

In Pine lake there are pike, wall-eyed pike and black bass. The favorite place for bass is at the "old log" opposite the landing and for pike at the widest narrows there are pike weeds here and we (I and my friend) caught twelve pike in half an hour. My father two years ago saw a sun fish but I believe it was the last of its kind.

Rush lake has Salmon trout and larger pike than pine lake. My father and I were once fishing there and he caught a three pound pike that had teeth marks in it four inches apart. Papa said they must have been made by a forty pounder. Mt. Lake abounds in pike trout and bass. There are very few caught here however. Ives lake has Rainbow Lake and Brook trout and a curious kind of fish that is not given in the fish catalogue but was caught in some nets. The waters of Trout Lake abound in large trout with their lower jaw projecting way out under their upper one which has over 280 little teeth on its top. Pony—West Ives west conway, N. & S. salmon trouts and Howe lakes have no fish at all.

Salmon trout River abounds in trout all the way from minnows to three pounders. At the falls my

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father and the guide caught 96. The guide caught 36 with a bent pin in a pool below the falls. There were none of them over a foot long and none under 7 in.

The best place for deer is about three miles this side of conway lake. Another good place is around west conway Lake.

The best place for ducks is at the cranberry marsh and south of conway lake. There are quite a number of wolves there and my father is going to take a sleigh ride up there in the winter and kill them because they are very bold when they are hungry and would kill all the deer and ducks for next years hunting season.

THE following extracts, taken here and there from his diaries and letters, show that Howard never ceased to think about the woods very long at a time.

July 19, 1894. Went over to Rush lake with papa. Caught two big pike coming across Pine lake. Got a cupful of section-line gum. Went over to Pony lake and saw beaver cuttings, deer tracks and a duck in the long grass. The fish in Pine lake were chewed by an otter.

July 23. Went over to Portage lake and saw two mink at the Mt. lake landing; saw a deer at Portage lake. Went over to 4th river two times for a drink.

July 24. Went over to Mountain L.; ate our lunch on toad beach. Saw glacier marks on Grand Island.

July 25. Mr. B., Charlie, 2 Indians and a canoe came to Pine river in morning. I have been to Mt. lake 3 x in succession.

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January 22, 1895. Went over to H.'s house at 7:00 and stayed until 8:15, talking over maps of Pine river. Found curious things in Sec. 32. T. 52. N. R. 29 W. Made plans of a shanty 9x7.

January 23. Made map of Pine river and vicinity in the red book that Mr. A. gave me.

January 26. Made map of Big bay, etc., in my little red book.

January 27. I woke up "when the sun was shining, Mary Ann," but turned over and thought about a "scoop roof" on our Grand Island shanty.

February 12, 1895. Wrote on secs. 1–2–3–4–5–6–7, all that I knew about them in my 5¢ note book. . . . Made maps of the six townships from Marquette to Big Bay pt., the size of a section of my Marquette map.

March 5, 1895. Fooled away my time in Latin, making a picture of Pine, Rush, Mountain and Superior lakes. Began to feel a yearning for the summer months.

June 20, 1895. Papa and I got ready and took the boat over to the Mt. lake landing on Pine lake. Walked over to Rush lake, and saw deer lick. Went over to Mt. lake and saw partridges. We discovered a mud hole which papa speedily transported into a bubbling spring. Found stag horn at Portage lake landing. . . . It rained just as we got to Grande Isle, so we had to go on the land and put the boat up and eat our lunch under it. Went along the shore and saw Porcupine island and rocks. Came back pretty well fagged out, by the way of Mt. lake landing or Pine lake, where we left our boat going over.

June 30. Took knapsack and went over to Pine lake

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and rowed over to the Mt. lake landing and went up to the top of Mt. Huron. Went south from there to Pony lake, where I saw the town line. Went down the ravine to Rush lake, where I found a spring where the mosquitoes were thick. Saw the trail to Howe lake that is not blazed plain. Went up to the north side of Howe lake and went north to lake Superior. Went south along the shore to club house. From Mt. Huron you can see Rush, Pine, Ives, Mt., Portage, Trout and Cliff pond. Papa went over to Mt. lake looking for me.

July 1, 1895. Started at 7 o'clock with papa and went over to Ives' lake. . . . Went over to Bush's camp, where we saw a porcupine. Went south by west down to the Salmon Trout river; worked east to the ravine and falls on the section line. . . . Went west ½ mile and north by west to the road to escape the hills. We found we were a mile out of our reckonings when we struck the swamp. We were glad to get home.

July 10. Saw two boats on the horizon at 7 o'clock. The second was the "Flint," and with it came H. [*Howard's friend from Cleveland.*]

July 11. "In the morning by the bright light," H. and I went out to Presque Isle with A., Pont and the pony cart. Walked around Presque Isle and Pont fell down a hill near the cave and I had to go and boost him up the hill.

July 12. H. and I scooted to the "Marquette" and got there just as the gang-planks were being pulled in. [*They went by boat from Marquette to the Huron Mountain Club on Pine River.*]

July 13. Took H. over to Ives' Lake via Joe P.'s

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homestead, where we got some new onions and ate them. Took swim on section line with H. Went over to the range line and it was the hardest climb I ever had. . . . Saw Cliff pond. . . . Saw a cave on the Trout lake trail that looked great.

July 14. In the morning H., O., and I went up to Huron river point and about half a mile beyond until we came to Howard's Island, and I climbed up to the top of it. Sailed to the Huron islands & Found two young gulls. Climbed to the lowest summit of the first island.... Saw the cave and I crawled through it with H. O. couldn't do it. Sailed back to little Huron and O. rowed home to the Club house.

Pretreville, France, July 15, 1896. [*From a letter to his father.*] I like it here on the farm very much and I like it a little more because I have a secret place in the woods, with a table and a chair in it. I made the table by driving one stake in the ground and nailing the top of a box on to it. I got a Chinese lantern (red, black and yellow) at the French Independence Day fête and it is now hanging over my head. I put it in there so that I could work here nights. I come here every afternoon from 1 to 4:30 P.M. and read, study, write, make maps, etc. I am the only one that can find it because it is right in the midst of some very thick woods. On my table I have little sticks to tell me the time. The shadow of the sticks falling on a graduated scale with the quarter hours marked out on it, tells me the time. This afternoon I think I shall make me a chair on the same plan as the table, and I am going to dig a hole to put a box into full of books, maps, letters,

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CANYON LAKE

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papers, etc. I like to be alone here by myself with nobody around to take away my attention.

Pretreville, August 4, 1896. [*From a letter to his mother.*] I am in my secret place in the woods now and there are about eight boys and girls playing on the pans trying to find me, but I am safe from their clutches.

Pretreville, August 11. [*To his mother.*] My place in the woods was discovered to-day by the kids that I was telling you about in my last letter.

Dresden, October 5, 1896. [*To his father.*] In my spare time here I think about the club and plan excursions for next year so that I can make up what I lost last summer.

Dresden, October 11. [*To his father.*] My friend C. is soon going away. He is a mighty nice boy,—just like H. was,—and he got very interested in the club when I showed him my maps and things, and when I told him I had tired out H. and lost him near Rush Lake he was not a bit discouraged. I think that C., H. and myself, with a guide (to carry packs and things), would be quite a jolly party to make long journeys around the club. I will be glad to get back next summer.

Dresden, October 20. [*To his father.*] I have no time to study maps of the club now, but I know it so nearly by heart that I do not have to refer to them to know where any place is that is spoken of in your letter. When more bicycle roads are made, up at the club, it will be a great place for everybody; but too many improvements ought not to be made because the forests will lose their beauty and nobody will ever have an idea of what they were hundreds of years ago.

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Then we came back [*to the lake*], got a pailful of water and started making a trail. The task was laborious, but we succeeded in making a fairly good trail up to the cave. When we reached the cave we went through to the other entrance, where we rested a-while and saw blackberries, gooseberries, raspberries, huckleberries, wild roses and Virginia Creeper. After talking over the proposition for some time we decided that the best thing to do was to block up the entrance D [*referring here to diagrams made in his journal*], use the place C for a chimney, and have B for a living room. We then built a fire in the cave in order that we might explore the hidden depths of our living room, but were smoked out. Then we went down to the beach south of Treasure Island and had a swim, after which we went to the farm for lunch. In the afternoon we took up six boards 12 feet long, a sledge hammer and some cookies. H. and I spent from 12:15 to 3 o'clock with hardly a stop clearing out some of the large and small rocks from the living room. We cleaned away about 72 square feet of rock and dirt in that time. Then, as we got the insane notion of having running water up there, we went exploring the stream along which the road runs, but as we had no accurate measuring instruments we could not decide much about it. We did, however, follow the road down to Second Pine Lake and discovered with joy that this was the shortest way to get to the club. We came back to the cave and did a little more work, then as it was five o'clock we quit work and ate the cookies which we had brought up, and I took another swim off Treasure Island while H. swam off the shore,

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and we went back to the farm for supper. After supper I let H. row me across the lake and took the road across the hill near the boat house, to the club. When I was 200 paces west of the east quarter post of 28, 52, 28 I saw my first deer at close range. I think it was a doe, I am not quite sure.

July 14. In the afternoon I packed up my valise, took a small boat and rowed for the Yellow Dog. I wet my hands every 200 strokes or one half mile, and drank some of the good, clear, cold Lake Superior water. Passing Conway Point I looked down into the water and saw deep, so-called, riffle marks in the sandstone. The lake from the club to Salmon Trout Point was a dull grey color and was about as smooth as I ever saw it. In order that I might bear the monotony of rowing I counted my strokes, and 5200 just brought me to Salmon Trout Point. On this point about twelve feet above the lake level I saw a white spot. It did not attract my attention especially, but after going to the other side around the point I saw the same white spot. I was just going to pry into this mystery more thoroughly when I saw a black streak in the lake about three miles off. I kept on rowing so that I might get across the Big Bay as soon as possible. But in about a half a minute I perceived that the streak was growing larger and larger. Then I experienced a very curious sensation, one that I never felt before, but the way I imagine a person would feel who should see a cloud approaching him the first time he was in a balloon. When the edge of the blackness was about a half a mile away and I was one quarter mile from the point, it flashed across me that this was a terrific

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squall, and I made all possible haste to reach the point. I had only taken twenty strokes of the oars when the squall from the north struck me, and I had to sit over on the windward side of the boat and row for all I was worth. I rowed as hard as I could straight for the point, expecting every minute to be capsized, but God was gracious to me and preserved me safely to the end of my journey. It was not until I had come to shelter that I realized how terrific the power of the wind had been, for it had blown me one mile and a quarter south in the time that I was rowing one quarter of a mile west. I went behind the point under a ledge of black granite until the squall had abated. South of the point, at the junction of the sand rock and granite, I found a small cave at the water's edge, in which I went with the boat. The roof of the cave was the thing that attracted my attention because it shot out from the surrounding rock like a parasol. When the wind had died down I proceeded towards Big Bay Point, feeling safer than during the squall, and went past the reef about one half mile south of the 18 foot buoy. When I had passed Big Bay Point, ten and a half miles, I began to get the reaction of the terrific experience I had been through, and began to lag in my pace; but when I saw the white and red buildings of the Yellow Dog Club I took a brace and arrived there at five o'clock.

July 15. After supper I told A. I was going after the boat that had been left at the spring and asked her if she felt like going; she said she would like to go up, so I asked my sister and H. A. to go along with us. We went along the eastern bank of the river, hav-

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ing a fearfully hard time to find the road. However, we reached the spring safely, when somebody proposed to go up the river for a row. It was romantic in the extreme to go up the river at night in the fog. Our guide was a group of three pine trees about a quarter of a mile up the river. When we got past these, our only guides were the sand banks which are distributed at regular intervals on opposite sides of the river. These could be but dimly seen and often we would go into a lagoon in trying to keep to the middle of the river. We mistook a mud bank for a sand bank and tried to go through the place marked C with the boat. [*Reference is here made to a drawing in his journal.*] There was a tree across it, but we found a place near the left bank where we could get through with difficulty. When we had done this we went all around the lagoon marked D and tried to find the opening. When we had explored this lagoon thoroughly, we thought we had better go back, so we told A. and H. [*the girls*] to remain in the boat while we pulled off the sand bar. When we came into the river again we decided to start for home. When H. A. had rowed just a little way, the boat ran aground and while he was trying to push it off with an oar, the oar lock fell out, so he had to paddle. We were very much disturbed, for we kept on seeing two or three groups of pines that looked just alike and I thought we were going in a circle around them, or that we were turned around and going toward Lake Independence, but we found out different when we saw the lights of the Yellow Dog pavilion.

July 16. *Walked from Yellow Dog Club to Marquette.*

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We had a small lunch put up and after we had said "Good bye," started in the direction of Marquette. Queen followed us and we could not make her go away, so we had to let her come along. She enjoyed herself immensely all the way catching chipmunks or at least trying to catch them. When we got to Pedee's homestead we asked the way of an old gentleman who was hoeing in the garden and he showed us a road that looked like a winter lumber road more than anything else. When we had gone one mile from Pedee's we saw a beautiful spring or stream, at which we stopped a long time to drink. When we had gone along a mile and a half further we came to a place all cut up with lumber roads running crosswise to the road which we were on. As all these roads were very hard to follow, ours included, we came to Durant's homestead with difficulty. By asking we found it was only 22 miles farther to Marquette. When we had gone on about two miles the good clay road began to get sandy, so we took the first road towards the lake and came to the sand beach about a mile from Sauk's Head. We walked along this beach about a quarter of a mile and then struck in towards Garlic Lake, when we ate lunch,—two sandwiches apiece. I gave Queen a part of one of mine, which she went off and buried in the sand on the shore of the lake. We sat here ten minutes and then went on. I noticed how skilfully the road had been cut through the granite rocks at Sauk's Head. We took another drink and went on without another stop to Stewart's, the halfway house. There was a good road all the way from Crary's (Sauk's Head Lake) to the Harlow Plains,

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one mile beyond Stewart's. The huckleberries were very thick on these sand plains. By the time we had reached the other side, we wanted to rest, but our feet wouldn't let us: at one time, I remember, I wanted to stop a minute, but my feet kept on going in spite of all I could do. The hills northwest of Sugarloaf Mountain discomforted us in a small degree, but we surmounted all difficulties and by three o'clock we were stretched on the sands near the mouth of Campeau's Creek. (We started from the Yellow Dog Club at 8:30.) We only staid there for five minutes and then we got up and nearly sprinted along the shore to Presque Isle. We cut across the neck of land straight for the L. S. & I. station, where we arrived just in time to catch the 4:10 car for Marquette. We calculated the time it had taken us to walk 28 miles: it was exactly seven and one half hours, which beats all records so far except that of Jake Nelson in 1897, who went from the Huron Mountain Club in nine hours.

July 21. I went up Ives' Mountain by way of the trail which H. and I made on the thirteenth and then began excavating the cave on my own hook. There were strange sounds which disturbed me. Every now and then I would hear an indistinct sound which seemed like the blast of a horn, but I was puzzled because I only heard it in the cave. At last, however, I discovered that the real cause was a hornets' nest in a hollow log above our cave, and that there was a hole about 2 feet square that led down from the nest into the cave.

July 22. S. and I decided to go to Big Bay. We knew that if we told C. and H. we were going in

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the buckboard, they would want to go too, so we let on that we were going to walk so they didn't care to keep up the pace with woodsmen like S. and myself. So after C. and H. had made their plans for the day, S. harnessed up the buckboard and we started for Big Bay. I don't think I could have had a more interesting trip, because S. was telling stories all the time. He told four stories going. He told me that the squaws at Big Bay used to come up to his homestead and clean it out for him, so that he had to stop them. . . . By the time he had told me some of his most interesting tales, we had arrived at the west line of his homestead and he pointed out to me the ironwood tree through which the quarter-line passes. When we got to the homestead S. put up the horses and took me into the house and showed me all around and then went down to B.'s hay barn, where we saw M. and an "Injun" friend of his from Baraga Mission. S. unfolded to him the project of papa's that he act as a kind of boat keeper to the members of the Yellow Dog Club, promising him $1.00 a day during the season when he did nothing and $2.00 extra every day he acted as a guide to any people demanding his aid. S. also told M. that a house would be built for him of any dimensions from 12′ x 12′ to 40′ x 40′ and that he could build it himself if he wanted to. M. is a large, squarely built, jolly old fellow, and has lived for twelve years in the vicinity of Lake Independence. I noticed from a few of his remarks that he was a veteran liar. I told S. of my discovery and he said "M. would n't be an Injun if he did n't lie." After S. had clinched the bargain we started to walk on the road to Big Bay. When we

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got there we went to call on . . . , the sister of M., and to see her baby. . . . There was a good-looking young squaw also to whom S. was introduced. After a little while we started on to B.'s house. B. is a man who has an "Injun" wife. S. asked him to come down to the Yellow Dog Club and build the house for M. Then we left on foot for his homestead, where we left the horses. When we got to the second fork of the road we met M. and his friend going back to Big Bay. S. and I had a cold meal at his homestead, and after we had had a talk on the veranda for nearly an hour, we came back in the buckboard, and he told me a lot of stories. When we got back to the farm about five o'clock C. had not come back, and after dinner we went down to look for him and could not see him. About 7:00 P.M. S. saw him walking along the shore very slowly. We waited half an hour for him to come and he told us his tale. He had walked twelve miles in twelve hours, caught seven trout, got lost once and had seen a porcupine.

July 24. *From H. M. C. to Y. D. C. in a canoe.* In the morning when we got up it was not six o'clock but nine. We asked Hans what the weather was going to be, packed up our valises and left the clubhouse at the rate of five miles an hour. When we got past Pine River Point, we slackened our pace until we came to Gillet's Landing, where we stopped to eat luncheon. As it was only eleven o'clock C. thought he would fish for an hour or so before lunch. He went up the road a way hunting grasshoppers, but as they were scarce I got a bumblebee and gave it to him, and while he was fishing I scratched a diagram of our trip on the dirt, so I could calculate how

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many miles we had gone and how many we were to go. After I had done this I went back to the woods and looked at the quarry to see what sort of rocks they had obtained from it in the past years. I suppose C. did n't catch anything because of the fear the fishes had of the bumblebee. About twelve o'clock we went down from the rock to the canoe and had lunch, which consisted of hard-boiled eggs, ham and chicken sandwiches, cake and raspberry jam. After lunch we laid around on the beach and at last took to the canoe again. C. wanted to keep in close to shore, because there was quite an off-shore breeze, so I kept in about half a mile away. When we reached Salmon Trout Point I again noticed the white spot in the cliff side and went ashore to examine it. I found out that it was a hole about 12 feet from the water's edge and one foot in diameter. C. would not go and look through, for he said the rocks above looked as if they were liable to fall at any minute, but I told him they would not fall until winter time. There were several boulders at the foot of Salmon Trout Point and I tried to cut through them in the canoe, but the lake was rough and so I did not do it. When we got past Salmon Trout Point we found that the sea was too rough to attempt to cross Big Bay, so we went close to shore. The distance across the bay was three miles, but the distance around was seven. C. did not like the idea of going four miles longer than was necessary, but I told him it could not be helped, so we had to go. We got to Burns' at half-past two and had the unparalleled good luck of finding there M., who recognized me, and agreed to carry the canoe over to Lake Inde-

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pendence. M. selected two sticks about like bed slats, strung them from one of the seats to the centre beam and tied them in place with a piece of string. C. took all the light articles and I took the satchels. M. only rested once (It is one and one quarter miles from Big Bay to Lake Independence) and then he apologized, saying he was not resting from fatigue or too much work, but there was a nail in one of the slats. When we got to Lake Independence, as we were a little thirsty I got out my cup and was about to drink the water, when M. warned me against it. . . . He then took us back on the road, about one eighth of a mile, turned west and took us around a deer trail to one of the best springs that I ever saw. I suppose that C. and I are the first white people that ever saw it. Then he came back to the lake with us and on the way told us that "Porky" [*porcupine*] was the best bait and that a friend of his caught over one hundred black bass in a day with the same piece of bait. I thought of S.'s remark, "M. would n't be an Injun if he did n't lie." He told us the best places to fish were sand banks that could be seen along the shore of the lake. C. and I started out from the landing place keeping a strict lookout for the tops of submerged trees in the water. C. began paddling with that remarkable laxity which he calls "sojering." Pretty soon we noticed a S. S. W. wind was coming up, and made for the bank on the N. side of the lake about three eighths of the way to the outlet. We got there, pulled up the canoe on a large stranded log and waited for the storm to abate. C. broke one of his precepts, grievously, by fishing on Sunday, but he did n't catch any. The storm seemed

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to increase every hour, so we decided we would make for the boat house, running the risk of a tip-over. We had to keep both of the paddles on the same side of the boat. I did not do any back watering with my paddle to steer it and stroke after stroke, I worked as hard as I could. C., who without doubt thought that he was going to be drowned for his fishing on Sunday, worked with despair and as a consequence we went a mile in nine minutes in a terrible sea. The canoe behaved finely in this instance and I was proud of her. Although she was in the trough of the sea all the time and in the heaviest seas, she always rolled with the wave and never tried to keep straight up. She never even got the gun-wales wet, much less the inside of the boat. I think that is as fast as the canoe has ever gone or ever will go. When we neared the outlet we found that there was a boom of logs across the lake to keep the logs from blocking up the dam, but we found a place where the boom came within ten feet of the shore and it was over there that we decided to land. I got out first, and was standing on a boom log and another log behind it, when C. tried to get out. He was very clumsy in his efforts and of course the sensitive canoe turned over sideways just enough to soak C. and to drag me into four feet of water; but I held on to the canoe and succeeded in righting it. We drew it up on the rocks to get the valises out and then we emptied out the water. We had landed on an unfavorable spot, but I went ahead and found out that by wading forty feet through four inches of water and mud that we could reach the dam in safety. We got the canoe down to the dam and while

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HOWARD WITH HIS CANOE

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we were waiting there we saw Nelson, the owner of Queen. We inquired the best way to get the canoe down to navigation and were told to take a certain trail for one eighth of a mile, and that we would soon come to navigable water, but the one eighth of a mile was the longest I ever walked. We rested five times and I smiled to think that yesterday we had carried the canoe one half a mile with only one stop. —(In 1899 I carried the canoe alone for one mile without a stop.) [*This comment was inserted at a later period.*] Perhaps these stops were due to the fact that we had to carry our valises and paddles in one hand while we supported the canoe on our shoulders. At last we reached the river and a heavy, short rainstorm began. We got the canoe to the river and went down slowly on account of the rocks under the water. The rain only lasted ten minutes, but at the end of that time the canoe had an inch of water in the bottom of it. When we got to the Yellow Dog Club we took the canoe up to the floor of the pavilion and placed it with its bottom side to the wind.

July 25. Paddled from Yellow Dog Club to Marquette. In the morning got up and found my clothes were nearly all dry, and called C. There was a fresh N.W. breeze blowing, but the waves were not very high. At eight o'clock I asked the owner of the Red Dog if there would be any squalls on the lake. He said that he was n't sure, but would tell me by nine o'clock. . . . We pushed off from the shore, nearly tipping over the canoe as we did so, and started off at the rate of five miles an hour. We kept it up until we got around Granite Point, where the wind ceased to strike us. We went very close to Granite Point but

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not close enough to see the bottom of the lake. I was for heading straight for Sauk's Head, but C. wanted to keep close to shore; so as a result we were about three eighths of a mile from shore all the way down to Sauk's Head. From Granite Point to Sauk's Head we had a delightful breeze from the northwest at our backs. We started to go outside of Sauk's Head Island, but as the sea began to get rougher, I took C. behind the island. When we got to Granite Point it was noon, so we disembarked on a smooth pebbly beach on the north side of the point and ate lunch. C. was obliged to step in the water when getting out and he said that he had never felt any water that was as cold as that was. We rested for about a half an hour and then proceeded on our journey. The wind suddenly shifted E. N. E. and on account of that C. and I had a hard time getting to the neck of land between Little Presque Isle and the mainland. We remained here nearly twenty minutes to stretch our legs and climb the sandstone pillar which stands at the end of the neck of land. When we got ready to go farther we carried the canoe to the other side of the point. The wind was against us for nearly one mile, when it stopped altogether. The distance from Little Presque Isle to Gull Rock seemed extremely long; but we kept up the pace with scarcely any stops until we were within one half mile of Gull Rock. Then the gulls began to come. At first we could scarcely see them. The gulls give a different call when they are welcoming each other than when they are hurling out invectives upon the human race. When they meet one another they give vent to a noise something like

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the quack of a duck, but when they are warning their comrades of the approach of men, they give a series of shrill cries which can be heard as far as the bird can be seen. The gulls increased greatly until at one time there were as many as twenty-five or more to be seen in our neighborhood. . . . When we were within one eighth of a mile of Gull Rock they had all disappeared. . . . Some went out on the open lake and others went for the rocks at the base of Sugarloaf and others settled down into the water not one hundred feet astern of us. . . . Perhaps they were fearful of betraying their home by hovering too closely about it. But without doubt Gull Rock is the home of all the Marquette gulls, as the appearance of the island testifies. When we passed within one hundred feet of the island there was not a gull in sight. After we had paddled about one quarter of a mile past Gull Rock a very curious stratagem of the gulls exhibited itself. All the gulls seemed to appear again. They would fly one by one to a point about one hundred and fifty feet in advance of the canoe and all making a slow turn would come directly for the boat on a downward course that threatened to strike C. unmercifully. One time that a gull did this C. struck at it with his paddle and threatened to upset the canoe. This stratagem was carried out by the gulls about ten times, and they always came nearer, but after C. struck at one, they stopped this game and settled down again. They might have employed this ruse to make us think that their home was in advance of us: but the only place in advance that the gulls were known to inhabit was Gull Islands, a group of bare granite and

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serpentine rocks nearly three and a half miles in advance. The paddle from Gull Rock to Partridge Island was the longest half mile that I ever paddled. There was quite a sea off Partridge Island, but we did not notice it until we tried to land and then it inconvenienced us seriously. . . . We staid here nearly a quarter of an hour and then went on our way. The three miles from Partridge Island to Presque Isle did not seem very far because I had many stories on hand about Fourth of July Island, Middle Island and about islands in general. It seems to me that I can never get interested in telling stories until there is only one person to listen to me, and that one person has to be sympathetic. We took the canoe into the cave at Presque Isle, where we disembarked and walked around on the gravel beach inside. I showed C. where H. and myself had once come down to the mouth of the cave and where Pont had followed us. I also told him how Pont had been unable to get back again and how H. and I had to boost the dog up ten feet. When I had finished my string of stories we re-embarked, and to my surprise when we got out of the cave the lake was as smooth as glass,—there was not a ripple. As we proceeded on our way we could see the shadow of the canoe gliding along on the bottom of the lake. When we got near the new wooden breakwater off Presque Isle, we saw a great school of lake trout which were from five to fifteen pounds in weight. C. wanted to fish, but I told him if he should catch a fifteen-pound fish he would have to swim for the breakwater. We had a quiet but speedy journey the rest of the way.

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[*The two boys, dressed in their outing clothes and with faces reddened by the sun, arrived at the house just as Howard's oldest sister drove up with a school friend who had come to visit her: he writes of the encounter with the stranger as follows:*] She had just arrived on the 5:25 train and the sight of us boys was the first impression she received of our home at Marquette. When I think of it now, I must have looked hideous, with matted hair, red nose, dirty face, dirtier hands, torn trousers, a coat that was too short in the arms, and a valise with some clothes hanging out of it, a dirty white canvas hat, muddy shoes and flannel shirt without a necktie. A man's criticism may open a person's eyes to his short-comings, but a girl's silent censure—what does n't that do?

July 29. I went out across the bridge to make a call on my friends the woods and the night hawks. I had the most restful time of the summer, among the sand ridges, listening to the night hawks and the sound of the wind in the trees, the Minne-wawa, as Longfellow has it. I also heard the Mudway-aushka. I think I like no feeling better than to be in the woods at night, without precisely knowing where you are, but knowing you are n't lost. In my rambles I came upon an indistinct lumber road leading southward and imagine my surprise when I came out upon the river one mile above the bridge. Here I found two logs across the river, on which I laid down and enjoyed the sounds of the woods. I must have remained on this log for an hour taking in everything I saw, listening to the white-throated sparrow, who sings my favorite song in the evening or afternoon and another pretty one in the morn-

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ing. I don't know whether it is the same bird or not. Whenever I come around to the clearing in the woods I always whistle the first song. I went back to the shooting grounds, where I observed the night hawks' swift flight. Their silent, swift passage through the air made me feel a bit creepy. I know as I was standing looking at one of the species one whizzed past my head so fast that I could feel the wind from his flight.

August 21, 1898. This is the first day in the whole summer that I have remained inactive, which is the best record so far.

HOWARD went home for the summer vacation in 1899 after graduating at Lawrenceville, and made a canoe trip from the So-sa-wa-ga-ming Club to Huron Mountain Club with his brother Jack. It was the first time Jack had ever been honored by an invitation from his big brother to be his companion on a long trip and he made the following record of it:

June 29, 1899. *My First Canoe Trip.* It was a fine June morning when we went to the Huron Mt. Shooting and Fishing Club. Howard's canoe was aboard and he had been paddling Helen around in it. When we got to the So-sa-wa-ga-ming Club, Howard asked Mamma if he and I couldn't stay there a few days, and go up in the canoe a few days later. Next morning we woke up, and heard crashings outside. It was the logs banging against each other in the surf. We had as bad luck on the 28th. On the 29th, in the morning it was still rough but we launched the canoe in the afternoon. We followed

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the shore in case of a squall, but Howard called to Mr. P. who kept the light-house on Big Bay Point, and said: "O! Mr. P., will there be a squall for an hour to come yet?" And Mr. P. who was fishing on the dock, said, "No, not to-day." So Howard said, "Jack, I'm going to see in how many strokes I can make that cove on Salmon Trout Point! one! two!" etc. He made it in 700 strokes. He brought me into the cave, and we went all through it. There was a long shelf running the length of the cave. He told me never to tell Helen about it. Then we ate the lunch which Mr. B. at the Club had put up for us. As we were eating we heard a launch coming. We both yelled as hard as we could, but they didn't hear us. Then we jumped in the canoe and Howard took up the double paddle and paddled as fast as he could. I took the smallest single paddle, and struck the water as hard as I could, which proved fatal for over I went! I sat up in the canoe whimpering, and Howard said, "Well, what are you crying about? You're out aren't you?" I realized I was so I went up in front again. Then we went back to shore after giving another yell. There I changed my clothes and we went on our way again. When we got to Conway Pt., I buried my clothes in the dry sand, and then I put them on. Then we started for the club arriving there safely. J. M. LONGYEAR, Jr.

Soon after the trip Jack describes, Howard left with an exploring party, earning a dollar a day, looking for minerals. He was out nearly three weeks and during all the time he spoke nothing but French with the Canadian woodsmen, and his letters to his mother were written in French also. After he re-

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turned from the exploring trip, his friend H. W. arrived and the two spent most of the summer together. They went off in a launch for an outing, armed with neither rod nor gun, but books. They carried with them Mrs. Eddy's works, some of Thoreau's books, which are veritable treasuries of wood-lore, and Marcus Aurelius. Howard did not keep aloof from the young people at the two clubs as much as formerly, but, during the intervals between trips he and his friend took together, mingled freely with those of his own age and was especially attentive to his older sister and her friends. It was more and more apparent that Howard was ready for the responsibilities of manhood, and his right to develop in his own way was wisely recognized by his mother. The following entry is found in her diary for September 11, 1899: "I must not hold A. and Howard as my own, but let them develop by themselves."

ONE of Howard's humble friends was Ajax, a noble mastiff, who became the boy's property when Ajax was a big puppy, as fat and awkward as a grizzly cub. Another friend of Howard's by the name of Pont was always loving and faithful. Pont, a genteel hunting dog (a setter), was claimed by Howard's father, but he was very popular with the children and considered himself their dog more than his. A narrative of the boy's life without special mention of his animal friends would be incomplete. The biographies of Ajax and Pont are somewhat fully sketched in the following extracts from letters to Howard from his father:

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October 1, 1893. Ajax is getting big and strong, so that I think I shall have to take him with me every day, when I am at home, and train him. He does not pretend to mind any one but me, and he does not pay much attention to me! He has had no training and does not know what is meant when any one gives him an order. He is very good-natured and a little training will be all he will need. The other day he started to follow Helen, Judith and me down town when I had told him to stay at home. We shut the south gate on him, leaving him in the yard, but he went out the front gate and overtook us in front of Reynolds' house. He paid no attention to me when I called and just proposed to do as he liked, regardless of my wishes. I finally got him by the collar and pulled him, by main strength, back to the south gate. He struggled and pulled back for all the energy he had, but I was too much for him, although sometimes he would almost pull me along his way. He was determined that he would go with the little girls, who kept on their way to school. The struggle was all good-natured and he gave up when I got him to the gate. I petted him all the time I was making him do what I told him to do. Since then he has been very fond of me.

October 14. I have been educating the dogs a little to-day and I am going to try and give Ajax a lesson or two every day. He is good natured enough, but he doesn't know anything. He doesn't know what is meant by an order. This morning he followed us off to church. Pont also started to go, but I took him back home and put the dog-chain in my pocket. I caught Ajax at the old Watson house;

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took him into the Everett house yard and chained him to the picket fence in the yard. I left him there while I went to church. He was mighty glad to see me after church and I led him home. I gave him a lesson and found him quite teachable. I said, "Sh-h-h," and forced him down into a "charge." Then I made him stay there until I told him to get up and come to me. He learns quite readily and I think I shall be able to make a well-behaved dog out of him. I took Pont in hand next and taught him the "Sh-h-h," or "charge." I tried him twice and he seemed to take the lesson nicely, so I tried him longer. I put him in the position of "charge" and walked away for about a hundred feet before looking at him. When I turned around he was just disappearing into his kennel. He wouldn't come out and he got so far back that I could not reach him. I took a whip and thrashed it around in the kennel and he came out "instanter!" Then I completed the lesson and let him go. Ajax has been tied up ever since 10:30 A.M. and it is now 3:30 P.M., so I think I will go and give him a run. Lovingly yours, PAPA.

October 22. Ajax is coming on finely in his education. I have only been training him for a week and he minds very well. He likes me, too. I make him "charge" and lie there while I fix his food and until I tell him to come and get it. He doesn't like to do it, but he has found that he gets it quicker by obeying than he does by trying to have his own way about it. He will be a noble dog when he learns how to behave himself. We keep him tied up all day, until after four o'clock, when he is turned loose. He has

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a way of running away to play with the children at the school-house and that gets him into trouble with the B. dogs. We want him to stay at home, so we keep him tied up until the school children are off the streets and he will not find them if he gets out of the yard. He does not get out much. I have put a chain on the large gates, so that he cannot push them open. Helen and Judith have the pleasure, when they come home from school, of seeing that the gates are all fastened and then of letting him go free. He does not like to jump off the wall, he is so heavy, and if he cannot open the gates, he stays in the yard. For the first few times he was unchained, after the gates were fastened, he ran to the gates and tried to open them. When he found them fast, he sat there waiting for some one to come along and open them for him; but, for the last day or two, he seems to have given up the idea of getting out on the street and goes first to see if there is anything to eat near the kitchen. I am in hopes that he will get so in the habit of staying at home that he will not want to run away, and when he learns that, he will not have to be tied up at all. The other night I heard Ajax barking and went out to see what he was excited about. I found that Pont had taken possession of Ajax's kennel and did not dare come out while Ajax was there. Ajax was barking outside and Pont was growling inside. I tried to make Pont come out, but he saw Ajax waiting for him and did not dare. I took Ajax out, tied him up and went back to get Pont out, but he had "skipped" into his own kennel while I was tying Ajax. Ajax was afraid to go into his kennel until I showed him that there was no other dog there.

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October 29. The B. dogs made it very lively for Ajax, but when he gets his growth and strength, he may remember them in a way that will astonish them! He will be a very powerful animal. It is about as easy to lead him as it would be to lead a fractious horse!

November 26, 1893. The children have great fun playing with Ajax in the snow. They jump off a wall or bank into a deep drift and he jumps after them, which buries him in the snow. Then they wash his face in snow and have a great time with him before he gets out where he can use his feet. When he does get out, he makes them scatter for a while!

December 3, 1893. I have just come in from a walk with Pont and Ajax. They had a fight when they first started, and, as Ajax was the one in fault, I gave him a whipping, which restored the proper equilibrium between them and they were very good friends after that. Neither seemed to bear any malice and they trotted along as good friends as ever.

December 10. Ajax is looking through the library window at me. He saw Abby, a few minutes ago, with her things on ready to go to Sunday-school and he is watching the door, expecting her to come out, but she has gone out the other way! The children tie their sleds to his collar and he pulls the empty sleds up the hill when they are coasting.

December 17. We have had snow-storms almost every day for over a week and it is now very deep everywhere, except where it has been blown away. The dogs have just about room enough to get in and out of their kennels, the snow almost stopping up the arches under the veranda. It makes their

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nests all the warmer and I think that they are as comfortable as possible. The kennels are full of straw and there is a curtain over the door of each. The dogs do not seem to approve of the curtains, and when there was one of the kennels without the curtain, they would fight for that one. They do not seem to appreciate the comfort of having the door closed when they are inside. I suppose they like to be able to look out and know what is going on outside.

February 4, 1894. The weather has been fine, most of the time, and the ground-hog saw his shadow, on the second, if he remembered to come out and look for it. To-day is a beautiful day. The dogs are sunning themselves in the sunniest places they can find. Pont is curled up on the walk, near the south gate, with his back against a snowbank. Ajax is spread out on the veranda, near the sitting-room window. They both seem to enjoy the warmth of the sunshine. I found Ajax in Pont's kennel a few days ago and I tried to get him out. He wouldn't come out when I told him to and then I whipped him in the kennel, hoping to drive him out, but he didn't come. Then I tried to pull him out, but he braced his feet against the sides of the kennel and I couldn't "budge" him. I pulled at him for a long time and until his collar came off over his head. Then I took turns at pulling and whipping, but he still "held the fort." I couldn't whip him very hard in the kennel, but I made him very uncomfortable. Finally, I went off a little way and began to pet Pont. Ajax then rushed out of the kennel, but did not come near me. He bolted around the house, out of sight. I have

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watched him since, but have never caught him near that kennel. He goes to his own, now.

March 4, 1894. The dogs are both fat and happy. I think that Ajax helps Pont now if he gets into a fight. I saw Pont pitch into a dog of about his own size and the other dog (a spaniel) did not fight at all. He seemed afraid of Ajax, but Ajax did not go very near him. He just stood and looked on. The dogs probably have a way of understanding each other. I stopped the "scrimmage," so I do not know how it would have resulted if I had not been there to interfere.

Both Ajax and Pont learned to be very well-behaved dogs and they were always happy to take to the woods with Howard whenever he whistled, or said "Come."

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VI. HOWARD AS A COLLEGE MAN. THE HISTORY OF A VERY BUSY YEAR AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

These trees shall be my books.—SHAKESPEARE.

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VI. HOWARD AS A COLLEGE MAN. THE HISTORY OF A VERY BUSY YEAR AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE man whose life-work satisfies his tastes and gives adequate scope for the exercise of his talent, is so seldom met with as to be singular and noteworthy. When there is a perfect adjustment of the man to his work, it is no longer work: it is a sort of serious play. Such a coincidence promised to result from the choice of work made by Howard Longyear. The previous chapter tells enough of his love of the woods, and of his careful study of them, to leave no one in doubt regarding his fitness for the profession of Forestry, which offered him the opportunity of spending his days in the manner that pleased him best; and of being at the same time highly serviceable to civilization.

Important problems wait to be solved by the scientific forester,—problems which directly affect the interests of millions of this country's population, and the same problems exist in most other countries. It is the forester's business to teach men to reap the harvest of timber, without sacrificing the immature crop and destroying the forest, whose thick carpet of decayed leaves holds the waters in check, releasing them gently to feed the brooks, instead of in floods that destroy. It is the forester's business to prevent the awful blight of fires in the forest, which man's ignorance, indifference and neglect so often occasion; but which could be very largely avoided by the observance of rational methods of cutting the trees so that lopped-off branches would not be left on the forest floor to dry out and become

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enticing fuel for any chance flame. It is also his business to manage and plan for the propagation of trees in the deserts and waste places of the earth, where trees have never been. Incidental to all the forester's work, yet the inspiration of it all, is the enlargement of Beauty's domain. In Forestry, utility and beauty unite; it is a trade which poets might deign to follow; indeed the forester must be half poet to be practical.

At the close of his last year at Lawrenceville, Howard had decided to take the Forestry course at Cornell University, instead of carrying out his earlier plan of going to Harvard; and so, in the fall of 1899, he went to Ithaca.

Commencing with his life at the university, Howard was expected by his parents to be a man, and was left free to govern himself. Writing in her diary September 13, 1899, his mother says: "A. and Howard start off with their own money. I push them from the nest. They must now learn to choose." He soon became fully identified with athletics, took his place in the social life of the university, and yet kept his spiritual ideals and his educational goal ever in view. He was developing on all sides, physically, socially, intellectually and spiritually. Because of Howard's astonishing energy in his studies and in athletics, he made fewer records of his meditations, and time for meditation was very much curtailed; but wherever he was, in the fraternity rooms, in his classes or at the training table of the Freshman Crew, his character reflected the Truth he had imbibed, and was recognized as an influence for good among his fellow-students.

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HOWARD'S letters to his parents the first half-year at Cornell, are short and crisp, but they reflect the eager, honest, spirited boy, bent on making something worth while of his life. Following are extracts from some of these letters for the latter part of 1899:

[*Not dated; but probably September*, 1899.] I don't find college life very different from school life. I suppose it is because I never had any very great desire for freedom. Some of the freshmen here nearly go crazy over their freedom, but I don't see very much to go crazy about.

October 15, 1899. [*To his mother.*] I am in the Glee Club now, but cannot go on any trips because I am a freshman. B. is also on. . . . I do not begin Physiology until winter, so you need n't worry about the Kats just yet. . . . I am working hard for the Freshman Crew in ΣΞ now. . . . I am greatly interested in my work here,—Physics, Chemistry, Zoölogy, Botany and Meteorology. . . . I don't think I have thanked you for your birthday presents to me yet, but I assure you that they were greatly appreciated. I don't know who sent them. Therefore I am thanking everybody in hopes of striking it right. . . . You seem to be rather curious about my meals. Some mornings I have soup, rolls and coffee; other mornings I have eggs, bread and cocoa; and as a third variety I have sausages, coffee-cakes and coffee. . . . I don't think I shall be able to come to Boston at Easter time on account of the Freshman Crew. They say that if a person expects to make the Freshman Crew he has to go in for it for all he is worth. There are one hundred and

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twenty-five freshmen trying for it, so that it will be the result of pretty stiff work if I get on it. "*This must thou do if thou have it, and that which rather thou dost fear to do, thou wishest should be undone!!!*" Be sure and write me soon about your plans for the game, for I'll be there with Cornell flags and ribbons galore. The Glee Club is going down to Philadelphia for Thanksgiving and if I am allowed to go with them I will not see you until next summer. I haven't been able to hear anything about the C. S. services here in Ithaca at all. My landlady, Mrs. P., is much interested in C. S. and she comes up and reads my "Science and Health" every day. I was defeated in election last week. I was running for one of the election committee. The days here are just the same,—study, eat, play and sleep: there is no variation except Saturday night, when I usually go to the theatre with the boys in the frat.

October 17. [*To his father.*] I am terribly busy now; I have made the Glee Club, am trying for the Freshman Crew and also for the leader of one of the winter Gym Squads. I am also taking dancing and singing lessons. My studies are not neglected either. So far I have 95% in Geom., 100% in Botany and also 100% in Zoölogy and you will see that I have not very much time to write letters.

October 22. [*To his father.*] My studies are coming along all right in spite of Freshman Crew, Gymnasium, Glee Club, dancing, and singing lessons. I got 93% in Zoölogy in the first examination; am one of the best three in Physics and Geometry; 100% in Botany and my marks are fairly good all the way around. I am not grinding myself to death

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by any means. I go to the theatre every Saturday night and am always up to the Frat. House when they have a rarebit or a musicale. My only rule is not to waste any time.

October 29. [*To his father.*] I got the highest marks of anybody in the Solid Geometry examination the other day, and am still keeping up with my other records fairly well. I also received a bid from the Gymnasium instructor to lead the Freshman Gym Corps, of which I feel quite proud. Last week I suffered a defeat in election. I was running for one of the election committee of the Freshman Class, but I got defeated by a vote of 185 to 220. . . . How about my . . . stock? If the company turns out an automobile this winter, I want it in Ithaca next year. There are two in town already, owned by students.

November 6, 1899. [*To his father.*] I was one of ten freshmen rowing to-day, trying for the Freshman Crew. . . . I am now the leader, or one of the leaders of the Freshman Gym Corps and am entitled to wear a black shirt with a white "G. C." on it.

November 12. [*To his father.*] You have not yet told me how to get shares in the . . . company. I want to have an automobile here in Ithaca next year for "rushing" purposes and for use. There is great use for such a thing here on account of the steepness of the hills and the beauty of the scenery around here. All of my studies are coming along well except Meteorology. In an exam the other day I only got 44%, but I didn't feel very bad about it because 30% of the class got 43%; 20% got 44%; 20% got 45% and only 20% of the class passed; and since there are only ten fellows in the class there weren't

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so many passed as you would suppose at first. After the examination the professor said that he would destroy those marks and give us another trial. The opinion in the class at present is that he gave us those marks in order to make us work harder, but nevertheless I am going to study hard for the next exam. This week has been an exceptionally busy one because of the mid-term examinations.

A REFLEX of Howard's life during his first term in college is found in the letters received from his mother, from which the following extracts are taken:

Marquette, September 24, 1899.

MY DEAR SON: I found when I paid my bill at the Auditorium that you had kindly put up for the lunches. I will speak to your father about it *this time*, but I would like to have you confine your business arrangements to his limits. I want to stand an interested, unadvising spectator of a "chappie" handling wisely his first freedom. It must be bewildering to be the recipient of so much attention. You must feel like a blushing damsel with persistent suitors. I trust to divine guidance to lead you just where you should be. The lovely thing about it to me is that these boys are all working for their fraternity—it is loyalty and impersonality combined. Holding your own God-given thought steadily, you will be a true light wherever you are and do lots of good. I fancy you in the morning with a cook stove in your bedroom or parlor, I know not which, a coffee-pot on it boiling like mad;—but the better vision would be a nickel alcohol lamp, which requires no

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cleaning, a cunning little cupboard with jam, rolls and crackers in it, all behind a screen, a dear little nickel-plated coffee-pot and a tray covered by a napkin with honey, etc. I'd like to be there. Do tell me what kind of a cook stove you mean.

[*Date missing. This letter was written from Boston probably about October* 4, 1899.] Maybe you don't realize that now is the most critical period of your life, and to keep *firm* on the side of Good, you may need a little help. . . . It is hard to reflect the Good always, but it is much harder for us if we drift into evil. Won't you give me an account of a day,—what you do and what you study? . . . I look at the unseen Christ and see you as the true reflection. With much love, Mother,—your best friend.

Boston, October 8. Under your quiet exterior I know a deep fondness is hidden for your father and for me, and I know that the greatest motive you have in your career is to make us proud of you,—after the first and only scientific one, which is to find your place in God's kingdom and reflect Him. I was very glad to hear from you. I have great faith in your judgment (for I know you seek the one Mind), and I know you have done well to join the fraternity you did. I know that only a certain class of boys has any attraction for you and I feel perfect confidence in you. It is a grand thing for a man to feel that his mother backs him against the whole of mortal sense, for she sees the real man. By the way I find there is a C. S. meeting held in Ithaca, at Red Men's Hall, at eleven Sunday morning. See page xv in October "Journal." Do explain about your meals; every little thing is of interest. Lovingly, MAMMA.

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Boston, October 10. Just a thought of the purest love sent to you from the one who believes in you fully. Lovingly, MOTHER.

Boston, October 24. Just to write to my own son at stated times seems so stilted and unnatural and I am going to gladden your heart by a little message often,—just to say, Good morning, and, God bless you. . . . I know that you love me and I thank God for His loving gift.

Boston, November 18, 1899. We have been through an exciting siege to-day,—it has been the day the girls have dreamed of for weeks. . . . Even your father and your staid mother caught the infection and ate their lunch with the same undue haste the children did. We started in a carriage at one o'clock with Cousin H. N., Helen, Judith and Jack and drove to Soldiers' Field. We had to walk part of the way, and the money tossed on the wind, for flags —at a dollar apiece—was considerable—badges, too, decorated our persons. . . . Well, fancy thirty-five thousand people looking at this fiercely contested game,—for two hours. It was grand. Jack gave the Harvard yell, with half a heart; for his sympathies were with Yale. He said blue was "his color." You, if you as eagerly devour the foot-ball news as you do your breakfast, know already the result. It was the first game your father had ever seen: he enjoyed it greatly. I enjoyed your last letter: you just seemed to take a little time and talk to your mother. We will have a fine time in Philadelphia. I hope you can get tickets for Uncle M. and Aunt A. too. If you look in your "Christian Science Journal" you will see that in Ithaca—in Red Men's

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Hall I think—they hold a meeting. It is under the head of "Meetings." I never worry about you, Howard, for I have given up fully. I trust you to the care and keeping of the real Father and Mother God, and yet I do not forget that I am the reflection of the Mother God, and must try to do my duty by you as well as I can.

Boston, December 3, 1899.

DEAR HOWARD: I must write you a little love note to tell you how happy it made me to see you so happy, strong and clean. You surely did everything in your power to show us your affection, and the memory is pleasant. You seemed to labor under a little disappointment at one time, but if we look for any *mortal* to give us any pleasure, in any way, we learn by disappointment to depend on the *One* friend who never fails us. I know your true, lovely thought better than you do, dear boy, and I find that under all your ambitious thoughts lies the earnest desire to give pleasure to us all, and that unselfish desire will bring you all you wish of *good.* To ask in the morning dawn, that "thy will be done" and then *give up all effort* is the height of the narrow path. Good then supplies our every need; gives us poise, self-respect and love and interest in others; leads us to think right, and brings us the friends we most need: so, we know we will be provided with *all that is good* if we send out *loving* thoughts and always act from disinterested motives. I leave you with perfect confidence in Love's care, for I know you are earnestly seeking the real. If you read prayerfully the lesson Love has prepared for us every day you *can't* go astray.

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Christian Science is the best etiquette teacher I know of; it teaches us to be self-forgetful and to recognize God's reflection in the boys. When you seek for Him in humanity you will find Him. Wouldn't it be nice to look out for some struggling fellow and lend him a hand? You grow strong mentally by lifting others, you know. Your loving MOTHER.

HOWARD spent the Christmas season with his parents in Boston. His mother gives the following account of his visit: "When Howard came to us at Christmas-time, he seemed so relieved to be at home: he did not want to go out in society, or to entertainments. He played games with the children and spent one entire day teaching Jack his memory system which he had learned at Lawrenceville. He had lost all aggressiveness and was serenely happy to be in the family circle. He had taken private singing lessons while at Cornell and sang for us with great feeling and modesty. I find recorded in my diary January 1, 1900, 'Howard and I had a lovely soul-to-soul talk. Love protects him.' I remember that I told Howard that it was necessary (as he was in a place where there was so little understanding of Christian Science), in order to keep his thought steady, to have some Scientist help him whenever he needed help in any way; going to the Scientist as he would to a Physician. Howard, as was his dutiful custom, acted on my suggestion. Howard never talked against any of the boys to me, in all his school days."

IN the last half of Howard's freshman year, his steady, unflagging candidacy for the Freshman

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Crew showed the stability of the boy. The following notes of Howard's progress toward the goal of his ambition, were prepared by his father.

In the Freshman Class (1903) there were one hundred and twenty-five candidates for places on the crew, and Howard was one of them. In January forty-one of the one hundred and twenty-five were requested to report for practice after 5 P.M., all other candidates being expected to row before that hour. In the list of forty-one Howard's name was third. The "Cornell Era" of January 27, 1900, says: "The freshmen have finally been weeded down to some sort of form and system. The men have been divided into squads and the combinations row together daily. The first eight is at present stroked by Frenzel, with Kushke 7, Benedict 6, Hutton 5, Tourison 4, Osborn 3, Ballinger 2, Longyear bow." The "Era" for February 17, 1900, says: "The freshmen are all doing very well. There are at present some seven or eight combinations, and all are rowing very creditably. Two crews will soon be selected from the best men in the various eights." The "Era" for April seventh speaks of two of the freshman crews rowing a "scrap" in which Howard's crew won by a small margin. The "Era" for April fourteenth mentions a list of fifteen freshman candidates who had been exempted from drill and Howard's name is in this list. The paper says: "Coach Courtney expresses himself as particularly well pleased with the work of the two freshman eights." According to the "Era" of April twenty-first the make-up of the first freshman boat shows Howard holding the bow-oar, which he held to the end of the year.

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it better than most of the fellows there, which is quite an unusual occurrence. B. W. has been in bed for three weeks now." To him there was nothing strange about the quick disappearance of disease under Christian Science treatment, for all his religious teaching and practical experience made it seem the only natural thing to expect. It was not his way to say a great deal about his religion, any more than it would have been for him to talk about his love for his mother or father: it was among those things which needed no mention, for it was a part of him. It is only in his journal that he expressed his views on religion to any extent. For the rest of the term Howard made good progress in his studies notwithstanding his deep interest in athletics.

HOWARD'S letters at this time contained alternate sentences about his studies and his sports, like the following:

January 28, 1900. [*To his father.*] I am now rowing on the first squad of the freshman candidates. There are one hundred and forty men trying altogether. [*In other letters he said one hundred and twenty-five.*] On Saturday all of our squad got up in the crew room at four o'clock, when there were no others in the room, and rowed for nearly half an hour.

February 18, 1900. [*To his mother.*] If I don't make the Freshman Crew, I will try to get you to come down here as a chaperon for Senior Week. If I do make the crew, I will not be allowed to dance, or to do anything Senior Week; but I suppose you will be in Europe anyway, so it does n't make much difference what I may plan now.... Since I have begun

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ON THE FRESHMAN CREW, 1903, CORNELL

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training for the Freshman Crew (we began last week), I have been keeping a regular routine of living.

February 25. [*To his mother.*] In a recent examination in Chemistry I drew 95%, and in an examination in Mineralogy in which no marks were given I got the best paper in the class. I think that, with a good start, I might as well try to get pretty good marks this winter term. Your loving son, HOWARD.

March 4, 1900. [*To his father.*] You asked in your letter of the twenty-fifth post, if I was on the Freshman Crew. The Freshman Crew has not been chosen yet and will not be chosen until some time in June, so you will see I will have to remain in uncertainty until that time. What do you think of the idea of my bringing a boy in the Forestry course up to Marquette next summer? He is a German and is a very nice fellow, from what I have seen of him. I think I will need at least one assistant in my Forestry work at the club and this fellow is congenial and bright. He expects to graduate from the Forestry Department at the same time that I do, and I think that if I am going to have any assistants at all, that I would better have one that is brought up especially for the place. He was an officer in the German army. Lovingly, HOWARD.

March 4. [*To his mother.*] I am horribly scared to go calling here in town. I don't know why, but I lose my resolution every time. To-day I started to go calling but I got scared and came back home. I wish you would tell me what is the matter. I have some social obligations which I really ought to fulfil, but I can't seem to get there. Waiting for the recipe, I remain your loving son, HOWARD.

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March 11. [*To his father.*] The only trouble with the Forestry course so far is that there is not any Forestry in it; but I expect to have a small talk with Prof. Fernow next term, and find out what to do this summer with SS. 4 and 5, T. 51, N. R. 28, W., and elsewhere. I am paying especial attention to all Geology courses here because I expect to study up on iron and copper mines whenever I have any time after I get out of here. Your loving son, HOWARD.

March 24. [*To his father.*] Sometime this vacation I am going to Prof. Fernow and get him to advise me about starting my forest near the farm this summer. Would it be all right for me to write to S. and get him to send me the estimates of timber on the land that we own or on adjacent land? I will also write and ask him how much land and what the location is. As it now stands I think I would like to go up into the Adirondacks for two or three weeks at the beginning of this summer and get an idea of how the thing is started and then come up to the farm and help start the forest there. Your loving son, HOWARD.

May 12, 1900. [*To his parents.*] I am now rowing on the Second Varsity Crew, and I expect to go to Philadelphia on the thirtieth of May and have a race with the University of Pennsylvania. I expect to have another race on the thirtieth of June with the freshmen of four or five colleges at Poughkeepsie, but I think that some of the men in our boat are going to be changed to-morrow, and I may be one of them. Rowing isn't such hard, weary work as most people suppose. The men in our boat do not fall over and faint at the end of the races as they are sup-

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posed to do, but are good for rowing four miles after every two-mile race. Your loving son, HOWARD.

Quarters of the Cornell Crew, Krumb Eldow, Hudson River.
[*No date; probably a few days before June* 30.]

DEAR FOLKS: The general feeling is that all three of the Cornell crews are going to win on Saturday. The freshmen have to sleep in a barn which they call Chateau de Frosh. The rough houses which we have at night are lovely. We break down each other's beds, have pillow fights, and fill the other people's beds with gravel, railroad spikes, soap, water, hay, etc., etc. I think I will stop at the Soo and come along by train to "Markett." I have engaged my passage to Duluth, but that doesn't matter. I expect to be in "Markett" on the morning of the sixth of July and from there I will take my "quenoo" up to the H. M. Club. I have to go to row now, good bye. Your loving son, HOWARD.

TO the end of the correspondence between the boy and his mother, she continued to faithfully advise him and prompt him to look to God. Following are a few extracts from her letters in 1900:

Boston, January 7, 1900. I am interested in every little thing concerning you. I want to know if you have gone into training. You know perfectly well that food does not affect the life of man and that all the strength one can have is spiritual strength; it is not in the body, though mortal mind would have us think this. *Muscles* are *Mind forces.* If before you begin your rowing you declare mentally that Spirit is the only power, and that all action is in God, you

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at the top of their voices, "When Molly Dooley Scrubs the Floor, You Bet That Floor is Clean," from the cadet play of "Miladi and the Musketeer," so I cannot write in the serious strain I am accustomed to. Jack's graphophone is going too, full blast. Robert is going to have his birthday fête to-morrow; it is due to-day, but I forgot to get the ring and cake so we moved it all off until to-morrow. It won't be long now before papa and I sail for Paris. We hope to go to Sweden and Norway. I hope you will go to the Red Men's Hall Sunday. You will find some other boys who are in earnest in the service of Truth too. Lovingly, MAMMA.

Boston, February 25, 1900. I sent Prof. W. a "Science and Health" with comments. If he hands it to you don't be surprised, keep it to lend. Now, dear, open your loving heart and try each day to do something for some one else. You will succeed in all you expect if you can let go of yourself, and seize the *good* outside of yourself with both hands. It won't be long now before papa will be here or before we sail. Three years ago we were in Naples. I can remember the shudder I experienced when you children stood on the brink of Vesuvius. You have a great, generous, open heart, Howard, and are willing to be obedient to the right. Take time to listen to the "still small voice." Lovingly as ever and always, MOTHER.

Boston, March 5, 1900.

MY DEAREST HOWARD: I have a heart full of thankfulness every time I think of you. I have such abiding confidence in your purity of thought and I know you look always to God to deliver

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you from temptation. I have been reading an article in the "Atlantic Monthly" about college boys, and this accounts for my outburst. I will send you the article and I know you will feel the need of standing more strongly, and of giving the helping hand to any weak brother more than ever. You have had your experience and are much stronger than many who have been sheltered. Yours most lovingly and trustingly, MOTHER.

Boston, March 12, 1900.

MY OWN DEAR SON: I think of you every day and love you more than ever. When I realize you were younger than Jack when I cast you into the midst of discipline, I rejoice that you came out of it so well. You must remember, dear, that in belief you were a little mischief. There is nothing else in the world to be learned but the Science of Life. When we master that, everything will be easy. Fill your thoughts full of love, dear, and try to do for others. You were kind to think of H. and J. They appreciated the books and will write.

I know that you are not mortal but an immortal *now*, reflecting Life, Truth and Love, and that thought rests me. I am never anxious about you. Lovingly, MOMMY.

Boston, March 18, 1900.

MY DEAR CHILD: Your nice letter came punctually and I enjoyed it greatly. I was delighted to hear of the power of Love as manifested through you. Only think, one week from to-night we start for New York! How I wish we could see you before you get to be such a trained-down methodical fel-

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low; but we will be glad in the spring. Lovingly, MAMMA.

New York, March 25, 1900.

MY DEAR BOY: I must write to you before leaving my native shore. With what different feelings I leave you all, than eight years ago. I have learned to trust God, and you are learning to listen to His voice, too. . . . We heard Ernest Seton-Thompson's lecture and enjoyed it intensely. He does not kill animals now: he talks decidedly against it, —says, "Shoot them with a camera." . . . I hope you will make the crew if you deserve it, and I am sure you will. . . . I see the *real* boy whenever I think of you. Lovingly, MAMMA.

Boston, June 6, 1900.

MY DEAR HOWARD: I received your welcome invitation to stay away to-day. I think I'll accept it, for it is a long road to travel with no boy to pet at the end. I hope you will come home as soon as the race is over. Error tries to make us think that we ought to *work*, *work*, *work* and not spend time in thought. Error doesn't want us to read "Science and Health," and meditate on the *realities* of life; for when we get to working in downright earnest for the Light of Truth, we are lost to error. Error says, "I want to *do* something." Truth says, "Study to find out what *God* has done and all else will come to you easily." Well, if I am not preaching,—but I know you like it. Lovingly, MAMMA.

AMID all the preparation for examinations and finishing off work on the crew, Howard showed his thoughtfulness for others by writing the follow-

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ing letter to Dr. M., head of the Lawrenceville School, which was returned to him with the names he asked for written on the back.

June 4, 1900.

DR. M., DEAR SIR: Will you kindly give me the names and addresses of all the Lawrenceville boys who expect to come to Cornell next year? I graduated from Lawrenceville last year and know what a hard time a stranger has trying to get settled during his first week or two at college, and for that reason would like to help them a little. Sincerely yours, HOWARD LONGYEAR.

SOME idea of the impression Howard made on his fellow-students may be gained from the following extracts from two letters written by one of his classmates.

West Nyack, N. Y., August 3, 1900.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. LONGYEAR: Kindly pardon the liberty I take in thus addressing you in this time; but I wish to express to you in some way the loss I feel. . . . I cannot realize that the news I received a short time ago is true. I feel as if I had lost my own brother. As we were members of the same crew at Cornell, we lived together much of the time and I came to know him as the faithful friend,—the one to whom I could always turn when in trouble. My acquaintance with him shall always be remembered as one of the brightest features of my freshman year. Sincerely yours, R. L. HUTTON, Ridgewood, N. J.

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Ithaca, N. Y., January 7, 1901.

MY DEAR MRS. LONGYEAR: I was delighted to receive a letter from you and want to thank you for your thoughtful kindness in sending me the card with the quotation. I think a great deal of it, and shall treasure it among some of the tenderest memories of my college life.

I am only too glad of an opportunity to give my impression of the character of one to whom I grew so attached in my short acquaintance with him. I was more closely associated with him on the crew than in any other branch of university activity, and although that is merely a side issue from the work of college, in what other way can one boy come to know another more thoroughly than that,—rowing hundreds of miles together, being with each other in the crises of victory and defeat, success and discouragement? It is from such an association with Howard, that my impressions were received. . . . I considered him one of the first whom I would take into my confidence in any matter. He always showed a disposition to help a fellow in anything, important or insignificant, and this characteristic is one which will quickest win its way into the affections of a fellow-student, as it did into mine. Among many things, I felt the little things he would do for me at the table when I was temporarily crippled by a felon on my hand. You know he sat next to me for the three months we were at the training table.

When one is associated with a great number of boys, he learns to appreciate the worth of a friend who is perfectly pure in conversation. This characteristic was found in Howard in a most perfect

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degree, and it is that which, perhaps more than any of the others, made me seek him as a personal friend. He was full of fun,—of the fairest kind of fun,—perfectly square and frank, never taking advantage of anything which would hurt the feelings of another fellow. . . . I am sure that any of his many friends here could speak of him only as a fellow whom everybody liked and would do anything for. . . . Thanking you for so kindly writing to me, and especially for sending me the card and calendar, I remain very sincerely yours, R. LEROY HUTTON.

HOWARD'S books and papers were sent home from the university and among them were found the following extracts from the "Christian Science Sentinel" which had been pasted on a card, and which bore the marks of constant handling. To the parents these few sentences were like a last sweet message from the noble boy they loved.

"I call that mind free *which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.*

"I call that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

"I call that mind free which is not passively framed

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by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but *which bends events to its own improvement*, and acts from an inward *spring*, from *immutable* principle which it has deliberately espoused.

"I call that mind free which sets no bounds to its love, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which *recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of His children*, . . . which conquers *pride, anger, and sloth*, and offers itself up a *willing victim* to the cause of mankind.

"In fine, I call that mind free which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in His promises by Jesus Christ, *devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers*, which passes the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance forever, and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality." *W. E. Channing.*

"To you who are perplexed and of doubtful mind, then, in these days of conflict and uncertainty, I say,—Try what trusting to the Living Soul will do; try whether God will speak to you there. Do what prophets and psalmists did; do what Jesus and the Apostles did: Believe in God, the Living God, for yourself. Try all doctrines by the touchstone of pure thought, devout feeling, and religious trust. *Believe nothing on any outward authority*, but compel all to submit to the test of reason, conscience, and love. *Believe only because you feel, approve, and know;* believe like *happy children*, not like

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submissive slaves. So shall you be *truly free;* and, within *yourself*, you will have the witness that what *you* hold by is from God." *J. Page Hopps.*

"God's thought, the universe, is perfect, harmonious throughout, and good; the natural law that runs through all, like some refrain through combination of sweet sounds, binds all in unity. Whence then the seeming discord? *'Tis alone in him who hears.* Attune your soul, O man! to the sweet melodies on every hand, the perfect harmony of nature's law. Then *discords cease*, and *harmony of thought and soul* will then accord with the *pure harmony of universal law.*"

"A holy life consists in resisting *every temptation of evil*, every suggestion, *audible* or *mental*, of the tempter. The world is not generally aware that evil thought can be lodged in *unsuspecting* and *unprotected* minds, and do its pernicious work without being audibly expressed. This is one of the vital lessons for mankind yet to learn."

The words in italics are the ones Howard had underscored and thus they were made the vehicle of his own thought, and so, by virtue of intelligent adoption, they are his words, and measure his progress heavenward.

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VII. SENTIMENTS OF SYMPATHY AND REGARD FROM FRIENDS, TEACHERS AND CLASSMATES

He who lives well is the best preacher.—CERVANTES.

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VII. SENTIMENTS OF SYMPATHY AND REGARD FROM FRIENDS, TEACHERS AND CLASSMATES

IT was difficult for Howard to believe that people really admired and loved him; and he was far from realizing how many devoted friends he had who watched his course, and were deeply interested in his plans. The expressions of esteem of which this chapter is made up, show that a noble boy's life is always important in the eyes of men, and that its influence touches the lives of many other boys.

IN the issue of "The Lawrence" of October 3, 1900, the following article appeared:

HOWARD MUNRO LONGYEAR: born, September 23, 1881; entered Lawrenceville School, May 24, 1897; graduated, June, 1899, with Honorable Mention for "Head of the School"; entered Cornell University, September, 1899; drowned in Lake Superior, Saturday, July 7, 1900.

These are the dates in the life of Howard Longyear that are of chief interest to his school friends; but they merely place a few guide points in a life that was strangely full of varied interest and early fruitage. Only those who knew Howard intimately could appreciate how well his few years of earthly life had been employed for growth in scholarship, culture and real manliness. Before coming to Lawrenceville he had attended various schools in this country and in Europe, had travelled much, had widely read and discreetly, and was mature beyond his years in acquired wisdom and sound judgment.

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The priceless blessing of a refined Christian home had softened and enriched his moral nature; clear-eyed vision of many parts of the world had made him alert and catholic; and his ambition for sturdy growth had made him see already the need of patient industry and honest work. To those who knew him only in a superficial way he may easily have seemed reticent and self-centred; but to those whom he trusted he was ready to talk most freely, to reveal his serious thoughts, to show how widely he had read and how clearly he had planned for his life work. Open-hearted, frank and manly in all his plans for life; dignified and serene; ambitious for growth and real service to his fellows; deeply religious, but unwilling to make an effusive exhibition of his real beliefs lest he might seem to cheapen what is holy; this is the Howard Longyear whom I learned to know and to love in the associations of the Kennedy House. The records of the school bear testimony to the effectiveness of his life as a school-boy. The testimony of his college classmates show how rapidly he had won the love of his friends at Cornell University. In the class-room and in athletic life he had shown his growing ambition and industry; and his nature was mellowing in the society of devoted classmates and friends.

Such a life had in it the promise and the certainty of extraordinary development. Such a boy could not but win the love of friends who learned to know him well. His school life is worthy of admiration and must have inspired many boys with passion for honest and sturdy growth. As his former house master I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity to

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pay this little tribute of esteem and love to one of my dear old boys. LAWRENCE C. HULL.

HOWARD'S Lawrenceville classmates published the following resolution in "The Lawrence":

Whereas, We, the members of the class of '99, of the Lawrenceville School, now graduated, and alumni of said school, have heard through the public press of the death by drowning of one of our classmates, Howard Munro Longyear, of Marquette, Michigan; and, feeling the loss not only to our class, but to the college world at large by such a death; and, furthermore, in our endeavor to comfort his bereaved family, be it

Resolved, That we, members of the class of '99, extend our sincerest sympathy and regret at the death of our classmate, to his family. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be inserted in "The Lawrence" and a copy be sent to his family. T. G. GAYLORD, *President of Class of '99*.

THE members of Psi Chapter of Zeta Psi fraternity at Cornell, which Howard joined soon after entering the university, were requested not to wear mourning. The following is a part of the secretary's reply:

MY DEAR MRS. LONGYEAR: We have found it impossible to comply with the wish . . . that we should not drape our pins in mourning, principally, because it is an old established custom of the fraternity and one of its inviolable laws; and also, because we wished to show some expression of our sorrow at

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Howard's untimely departure from amongst us. Although we may have a very different manner of expressing our feelings, nevertheless we believe that they are, in respect to Howard, virtually the same as yours. We realize that he has simply gone before us, and that he is still with us in spirit, and we continue to call his name in our chapter meetings.

We have an enlarged picture of Howard, but we shall be very grateful for the portrait you spoke of, and it will be the more appreciated as coming from Howard's mother.... The brothers feel very much gratified at your desire to keep in touch with the chapter and wish to extend to you and your family a very cordial invitation to visit them at any time. Very sincerely yours, THE PSI CHAPTER OF ZETA PSI. *Welford J. Golden.*

Howard's brothers of the fraternity made the following contribution to this history of the boy's life:

HOWARD M. LONGYEAR. He came into our midst practically a stranger; he departed therefrom a friend and a brother in the truest sense of the word, leaving the indelible imprint of a truly Christian example upon the hearts of all those who had been fortunate enough to be on terms of fraternal intimacy with him, while at college. His religious attitude was of that type which makes converts of those who behold it. While young in years, his influence made itself felt, not only on those of his own age and class, but also on his older brothers. This influence was not due to any gift of persuasion that he may have had; but rather to his inobtrusive and engaging individuality. Blessed with a wonderfully

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even temper and a disposition that knew no malice, he made an ideal comrade; and happy he who could live with him as such.

In every phase of university life and activity our brother stood pre-eminent among his fellows. The fraternity as a whole, as well as each individual member, feels the terrible loss sustained in having our young brother taken from us; on the other hand, we glory in the thought that Howard is one of our number, and the spirit which his life and death have infused shall be handed down from generation to generation as a symbol of all that is good, loyal, and true in Zeta Psi. THE PSI CHAPTER OF ZETA PSI.

PROFESSOR FERNOW of the Cornell Forestry School, in writing of Howard to his mother, said:

DEAR MADAM: It is with deep-felt regret that I have learned of the sad bereavement which has befallen your family and this college.

In losing your son Howard from our midst so unexpectedly we mourn one of the most lovable companions and one of the most promising students, whom this young institution was especially proud of having on its rolls and could ill afford to lose.

In offering you my heartfelt sympathies, in which the few companions summering here join, I can assure you that he will continue to live in our memories as a type of a noble, manly nature. With great respect, sincerely yours, B. E. FERNOW.

THE following extracts are from some of the many comforting letters received by Howard's parents:

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"I hasten to express to you my heartfelt sympathy for you in this your hour of trial,—I will not say affliction, such a statement would be a misapplication in your case. I am led to believe, be this as it may, that this must be the crucial test of your Christian faith; and if it does not leave you wounded and bleeding there must be more in it than I apprehended."

"Dear Howard was so sweet and strong and pure. I have never known a boy to whom I was more attracted by all the best attributes of a man."

"It is a comfort to think that you both are so united, so loving, so helpful to each other that the seeming hardships of this life will be borne easier for that unity."

"That a philosophy should be able to stand the supreme test of a personal loss such as yours, entitles it to respect."

"What a comfort and pleasure the diary must be to you! Who would have thought under Howard's childlike and simple exterior were hidden so many grand thoughts? and yet I always felt it too; for in talking with Howard I always felt that he understood everything that it takes some a lifetime to comprehend."

"What a dear legacy Howard left you in the diary! I am glad you have it, and I am glad to catch this glimpse of his heart-life given in the paper. How much more we should love one another, could we know more of one another."

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"From the meagre newspaper details, I gather that the beauty of the world is not veiled for you, because the music of the voice you love, is, to-day, blended with that of the singers in the heavenly choir. There is no shadow between you and God's sunshine, such as comes to many who do not share your beautiful belief, because, unlike them, you feel that he is not dead, but risen."

"I can but cry from my heart, God comfort and sustain you. The seeming in this is so sad that we can only strive more earnestly to turn our gaze beyond the shadows where we know in reality we all are, in the Christ mind, united. We shall awake when we have finished our work and kept the faith: the dear boy too, like us all, has his work to do."

"What a blessing to know that God reigns in such a trial! The cruelty of mortal mind is made manifest in such experiences, and we are prompted to yet greater faithfulness as we see the madness of the One Evil. I know that divine Love has been your strong support and your protecting shield; and that you will be stronger for this great trial of your faith."

"What a comfort to know that Howard understood the Truth of Being and his relationship with the Father, who is Life!"

"Your Christ can and does strengthen you, for he is your Life and without a knowledge of this you would be stricken indeed."

"I must write you before I begin my duties of the day, to tell you that I am treading every path in this dark valley with you, and helping to hold up

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your hands. This is your Gethsemane. We know that the darkest night always has its dawn."

"We know that thoughts from God are your comforters; that He helps you to move in Life instead of Death."

"You and your dear boy are still climbing the heights together. Never for a moment have you been separated. No view of death exists for the true followers of Christ Jesus."

"I rejoice that you had with you here, for a few years, such a noble son. His visible presence was a blessing, and in your progress heavenward, his companionship will be forever an inspiration and help. His life is eternal. It began with God, and can never end."

"I rejoice with you that the inspired word, 'Why seek ye the living among the dead?' rings out so truly; and that your friends, and the people who cannot but know something of your experiences, have this opportunity of seeing how Christian Scientists find God, *Life*, a very present reality."

"All is well, for God and His ideas constitute all. Mortal existence is but a dream at best,—and how this proves it! Dear Howard is not conscious of separation but is looking heavenward,—is in good company, is fully conscious of individual existence, and is happy. We can learn to bear our loss and will finally all meet in one grand brotherhood with God the universal parent of all."

"As you know, last year I had to make the same demonstration that is now for you, I hope. I be-

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lieve that you will learn, as quickly as I did, that there is no separation in Love. What though he has gone to another land (dream) and daily intercourse is for a time broken? it is all God's land with discords overcome and the infinite communion of Love perfected. Mind holds all communion, and there can be no sorrow where this is realized, and no real sense of separation."

"Not long since I was much impressed by Christ's words in the Sermon on the Mount found in Matthew vii., twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses. I had never before seen clearly that those who kept the words of Truth must be tested to the utmost by rain, flood and tempest,—even as the ungodly; but the difference is in the final result: the house built on true foundation stones *stands*."

"What a blessing it is that we know that the dear boy is simply going on in life!"

"I cannot offer you sympathy in the old way, and 'weep with those who weep,' when God has wiped away all tears; but I can and do rejoice with you in the certainty of Life, and the ever-presence of Love."

"It is surely a joy to know, through our blessed Science, that shadow is not substance. The reverse of the material sense will bring in the real comfort, and God will be found omnipotent."

"Keep your thought in divine Love; there is where your son is."

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REMINISCENCE

In noble thoughts he found his true delight;
"To overcome" his motto, so he'd climb
To gain the free view from the mountain height.
He loved to wander in the trackless wood,
Alone with God, so not in solitude.
He loved the radiance of the wide blue lake
Whose waters from the sky their color take
Reflecting glory that inspires the mind;
And like a voyageur, who leaves behind
The misty land, so from the shores of time
He seemed from us to go, but with his friend
He knows the eternal peace, and joy that never ends.

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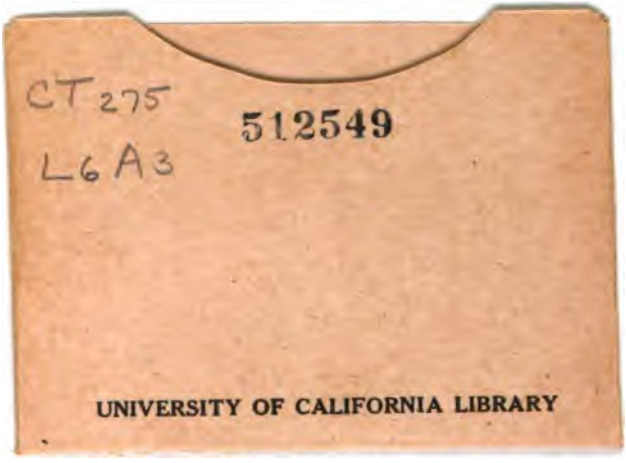

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